"HER CAPTIVE BANDIT; OR, THE LION'S LAIR," IN NEXT WEEK'S LEDGER
IT IS WRITTEN BY COLONEL HARPER HAMILTON, AND IS MOST THRILLING

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

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The Withered Hand;

Or, THE STORY OF A TERRIBLE INHERITANCE

By Harper W. Thornton

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CHAPTER I.

THE BLACK LARCHES.

When Habberton—Dana Habberton of Paternoster Row, London—learned that he had fallen heir to The Black Larches by the death of an uncle whom he had never seen, he immediately made preparations for taking possession of his windfall.

Habberton had almost forgotten that announcement that he was his uncle's sole heir fell upon Habberton like a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky.

such a person as Titus Timpson lived. He remembered having heard his mother, for long years dead, mention her only brother, and she had done so in a way that impressed the astonished legatee that a gulf had separated them. Therefore, the an-

Of The Black Larches he had never heard. Whether the estate lay far from a city, or whether it was enveloped by buildings, he was at a loss to know, but, struck suddenly by the thunderbolt above mentioned, he thought very little about it.

The letter, which conveyed to Habberton the startling story of his good luck, stated that the estate was ready to receive him, and added that his uncle had considerately left him some servants, to say nothing of a pretty bank account, which added to the heir's happiness, for just then he had lost on his favorite horse and was somewhat "down at the heel," to use a common expression.

America, for years, had been practically unknown to Habberton. He remembered its great metropolis as a boy, but he had spent the best part of his life abroad. He recalled Old Trinity and Broadway, remembered the rotting wharves, where he used to play, but beyond these recollections his memory was a blank concerning the rest.

He was surprised to learn upon reaching his native country that The Black Larches was the last house on Pomeroy street, the very last, mind you, and that it had no neighbors to speak of. Beyond it stretched a wilderness, a region not yet invaded by the speculator and seldom explored by any one. Mr. Timpson's solicitors said that the late decedent had lived for years in the house, going out but seldom, that he was somewhat of a recluse, who took but little note of the world, and old, strange man, who dealt in the mystic, judging from the odd volumes in the library at The Larches.

When the property had been turned over

to Habberton he set out at once to take up his residence therein. Mr. Polly, his late uncle's chief executor, hinted that he might find life at The Larches somewhat blank, but Habberton remarked, with a laugh, that nothing could be tamer than the last year of his life in London and that he would welcome a change of any kind.

"I hope you'll get along with the servants," said Mr. Polly. "I have an idea that those three came rather perhaps than they will you, but, of course, you will keep or dismiss as circumstances warrant."

"We'll need many," laughed Habberton, as he left the office, whereupon Mr. Polly turned to his partner.

"I'm afraid the young man doesn't know what he's got," he remarked with a smile. "I was in the house but once and this was enough. Old Timpson was a caution. I tell you, Jolly, that's a house of mystery and we'd hear from the chief legatee before he's a week older."

Night had fallen when the cab which carried Habberton drew up in front of a row of tall trees, which prevented him from seeing the house which they guarded. Habberton opened the cab door himself and looked out.

"By Jove! where are we?" he inquired.

"You're at the end of the trip," was the reply.

"But I see no house. Into what sort of howling wilderness have you brought me?"

"The Larches, sir. You'll find the house just back o' the trees, and good luck to you."

Habberton had no luggage—he had left it downtown—and in a moment he was alone in the dismal locality with the sounds of the retreating vehicle in his ears.

"It's a beastly place, and it's all mighty bewildering. 'In heaven's name, what can have induced Delos Habberton to live?' might as well have shut himself up on Blackheath or buried himself in one of the wilderness of the West. But by Jove! he thought enough of me, Delos Habberton, to leave me this place."

Plunging between the rows of ghostly trees, Habberton managed to pick his way along till he came to what seemed a great pile of massive blackness of any semblance of architecture or beauty. The night was somewhat chill, a cold wind was fanning his face and he heard from somewhere a chorus of frogs that rendered him quiet nauseate.

"Not a very pleasant introduction to my future abode," he grumbled. "But if this old man could stand it here for years I can put up with the old trap for a season."

With this he reached a porch so dark that he was not aware of its presence till he collided with it, and if he had not caught a vine by throwing out his hand he would have tumbled headlong upon the boards.

Wondering if the noise he had made would not rouse some of the servants, Habberton crossed the inky porch to the door and found an old-fashioned knocker, which he vigorously assailed. So far as he could see there was no sign of human habitation about the premises and, as the echo of his rapping died on the air, he looked once more to himself.

Then, somewhat's living in the old place," he exclaimed as the sounds of footfalls reached his ears, and the next moment he heard the click of a key and the rattling of bolts and a door opened in his face.

He caught sight of a partly shaded light and the next second had entered his own.

His way was obstructed by a human being whose sex, owing to the shaded lamp, he could not precisely determine, but he asked not questions but moved forward.

A door to the right of the large high-ceiled hall opened and Habberton turned aside. The lamp was deposited on a table and the following second a figure glided past him and vanished and he was alone.

It was all so strange and uncanny that the new heir had not heart to laugh, but deposited himself in an inviting chair and looked around.

"The old man's library, eh!" he ejaculated, as his eyes began to make out certain objects. "Mr. Polly said he had lots of books and singular ones, too, I believe."

With this Habberton picked up the light and approached one of the somberly tall bookcases that ran along one side of the room.

"Rubbish!" he said after a brief inspection. "I'll send this whole outfit to the waste paper man. These volumes are all Greek to me, and, when the titles are in a language I never heard of, I say, Habberton, you come into the strangest legacy a man ever struck."

He was running the light along one of the shelves when he became conscious that he was not alone. He had heard no noise, but for all this he felt that he was not the sole occupant of the chamber. Turning slowly while he composed himself, he came face to face with one of the strangest beings he had ever seen.

On a rug of tiger skin not five feet away stood a man of dark face, turbaned head and pair of little but piercing eyes that looked one through and dressed in Oriental costumes. That he was a Hindoo, Habberton guessed at once, for he had seen such in London, but just why he should greet one of this mystic race at The Larches was a deep puzzle to him.

All at once the dark man salaamed, bending his little legs, and then straightened to command a stance on the rug.

"Well," said Habberton, catching his breath, "I've come at last. I'm Delos Habberton, sole legatee, and you——"

The little man shrugged once more.

"In the devil's name, who are you? I suppose we've got to get acquainted."

The Hindoo crossed his hands on his turbanlike bosom and said in a tone that nearly set Habberton's teeth on edge:

"I am Kalmah."

"It into uncle's best man, I suppose? Take that chair yonder and we'll compare notes."

The Hindoo did not move.

"Just as you please," remarked Habberton, not a little irritated by the fellow's persistence. "I'm free to say I hope you're the only specimen of your class in the house."

House now belongs to the young sahib."

"Of course it does," smiled Habberton. "And, what is more, I'm going to rule the roost. How long have you served the late Thomas Timpson?"

"Three hundred years," said the Hindoo, with his face as immobile as ever.

"That's longer than they generally keep servants in this country. Was he a good master?"

"Sahib Kalmah's brother."

"The old sahib, you mean, of course. I never saw him. What was he like?"

For the first time the Hindoo moved. Habberton saw him draw a slide across the floor with the noiseless tread of the wild beast of the Indian jungles. Following the mystic's little body he discerned a curtained niche in the wall, and, moved thereto, the hand had jerked the drapery aside. Habberton uttered a cry.

Before him was a full length portrait of a man. He saw that the stern, mysticial-looking face had small craftiness, that the eyes had a deep, penetrating look, and he looked upon Habberton. Was this the relative who had left him The Black Larches?

"Great!" he began as he turned suddenly, but he got no further.

He was alone in the room.

CHAPTER II.

OLD DRUSILLA.

For a full minute Delos Habberton stared at the unoccupied tiger rug and then perceived his guide was standing to the right. The face of his late uncle continued to leave at him, and something whirled within his head, but at last the silence was broken by Habberton.

The situation had suddenly grown humorous to him. He recalled the grim, mystic little mystic and laughed when he imagined if there were other servants like him. The idea of being alone in the house was back to the table and sat down. Pulling forth his pipe, he filled it and, as he had been his inseparable companion, he began to smoke. The curling wreaths of smoke rolled lazily upward toward the ceiling and he soon fell into a state of composure in which, for a time, he recalled what sort of heir he had

imperative. You will note the address."

"Janus will find the man, sir."

"Good! Go at once. Wait!" exclaimed Habberton, as the little man turned toward the hall. "In what part of the house does Kalmah sleep?"

A sudden change came over the face before him.

"Has the new master seen Kalmah?"

"Yes. I have met the Hindoo. You heard my question, Janus!"

Janus bowed.

"He lives in the west wing," he said. "He has that part of the house to himself."

"Did he overhear the test, eh?"

"He was much with the old master. They held long conferences in the sealed room."

"Ah, a sealed chamber!" ejaculated Habberton. "One more mystery, I see. Where is the closed apartment?"

"In the west wing, sir."

"Was my uncle a devotee of mysticism?" and Habberton leaned forward and eyed Janus closely as the words dropped from his lips. "I mean, did he hold to the strange tenets affected by most of Kalmah's race?"

"I have never looked into the sealed room, sir," the reply. "What went on there while the old master and Kalmah were having the forbidden door is known to them only."

"You did not seek to solve the mysteries of that chamber?"

"I dared not try," and a faint smile appeared at the corners of Janus's mouth.

Once more Janus turned on his heel, but again the voice of Habberton arrested him.

"Had my relative any visitors?" he inquired.

"Very few."

"He had some, then?"

"They all of Kalmah's kind."

Habberton started slightly.

"Yes," said he. "My uncle was a mystic, that is, he clung to the singular belief of the Hindoos. When would those visitors come?"

"In the night, master," answered Janus. "They were strange people. They were robed garbed like Kalmah and all went to the sealed chamber. The old master was with them. Once I found myself in the library. I used the book-lined room often, but never find something readable there. But all the volumes were 'Greek' to me. They seemed about the color of the walls, for they contained strange pictures and I soon tired of them. I never came back in the night the old master died."

"Tell me about that night. The message can wait a few hours."

Janus came forward slidingly and halted at the side of the table, but not without casting about the room a fearsome look.

"He died in the night, then?" asked Habberton.

"Yes, he was found dead in the very chair you now occupy. The doctors said it was his heart and they are wise men."

"But do you not suspect?"

The little man did not reply. The hand which rested on the edge of the table fell suddenly from it and dropped at his side. He would not looking Habberton now but toward the curtained niche where the new heir had just seen the ace of diamonds.

Habberton shot a swift glance in that direction, but saw nothing but the curtains which hid the niche.

"What is it, Janus? Does the shadow which seems to hang over this house suddenly seal your lips? Is the dark witchery of India weaving you in its toils? Speak! I will have no sorcery in The Laurels. I intend to fetch sunshine where gloom and perhaps crime has flourished. What do you see, boy?"

Habberton crossed the space which separated him from the niche and jerked aside the curtain. He expected to see the ace of diamonds, but instead he gazed upon the stern-faced uncle who had placed in the hands of the stranger the earthly legacies.

He uttered a little cry and looked at Janus.

"It is the face of the old master," that worthy said. "He died in the night."

"And you came to the room where he lay?"

"I came," and the speaker's lips closed tightly after the word. "We all came, Marie, old Drusilla, and myself."

"And Kalmah?"

"The Hindoo did not come," said Janus. "We, in the mystical chamber."

"He may have been. Master," and Janus suddenly advanced till he could touch Habberton's arm with the tip of his sallow hand, "Master, don't bring me under the curse. Let me know where I am. Let me speak no more of that night."

"You are mystical," laughed Habberton. "By Jove! boy, I'm going to solve every mystery connected with this house. You don't know the curse in the message I've just given you. You don't know Jack Clawson. I haven't seen him for years, not since he came over to England and solved the Lady Hetherton mystery. He is just the man to combat these dark-skinned disciples of Vishnu and Brahma. He is absolutely devoid of superstition and the courage of a lion."

"The more's the pity," said Janus half under his breath, but the trained ear of Habberton caught the words.

"You mean that Kalmah and his band are too much even for Jack?"

"Yes, sir, and more. Who placed on the body of the old master the strange mark I saw not."

"What sort of sign was it?"

"The ace of diamonds."

"You saw it, then?"

"My eyes are keen, master. I saw the mark as old master's forehead. But you may I go now?"

"Yes, at once. See that the message reaches the spot. Make no mistake. Jack must know that I have and want him."

With a low bow the little man turned and almost bounded from the room.

Habberton heard his footsteps in the hall beyond the door and for a half a second they paused also on the corpse before they grew indistinct and then were heard no more.

"It's a devil's nest!" ejaculated the new heir as, a sealed chamber, or, devoted mystic or not, he could not forebear. But

Pickled Peppers

The Problem.

Dusty Rhodes—Oh, yes; I kin understand how them astronomers kin calkilate the distance of a star, its weight an' density an' color an' all that.

Dewey Ilve—Well, then, what's botherin' ye?

Dusty Rhodes—How do they know its name?

Marvelous Cycling.

Once again the conversation had veered round to thrilling adventures.

"That reminds me of an experience I had some time ago," remarked a member. "I was riding a brakeless bicycle down a steep hill, when all of a sudden the chain snapped and I careered down the rest of the hill quicker than grass, and lightning.

"The road down the hill took a turn at direct angles, and in the corner of the angle stood a cottage. I was wondering what the verdict would be at the inquest, when I saw a man rest a plank of wood against the eaves of the cottage.

"I went straight for the plank, over the roof and down the other side. Luckily, the cottager's wife and daughters were shaking carpets, and, alighting on an outstretched carpet, I was gently lowered to the ground.

"A deaf old silence descended on the company, which was broken by the hissing of a soda water siphon.

FREE ASTHMA AND HAY FEVER CURE.

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 113 Lane Bldg., St. Mary's, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for Asthma and Hay Fever in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1 bottle by express to anyone who will write him for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

She Gave It. Up.

She was a bride of six weeks. She had married a baseball fan, and on leaving the house that morning he had appealed to her to look at the morning news in the paper and try to catch on to the game. She was a loving, faithful bride. She sat down and read:

"Jim then rushed in and swung for Joe's body."

"Joe administered a corndodger on the ear."

Jim diddled for a moment and then got his e clean bet and got away without a return."

"Joe followed him, and seeing an opening, dropped his man on the mat for the count of seven."

"When Jim arose he fell into a clinch and soon recovered his wind."

"At this point there were cheers for both."

"When the referee had separated them Joe planted a haymaker on Jim's chin and Jim returned one on the solar plexus."

"The crowd went wild with excitement."

"'Twas men came together with a determination to end things, and they were slugging like tigers, and——"

And right here the bride broke down, threw the paper aside and ran to her mother to exclaim:

"Mamma, there must be a divorce, for I can never understand baseball, and Fred will be mad at me!"

A Quaint Indorsement.

J. Pierpont Morgan, at a recent diocesan convention in New York, amused a group of clergymen with a story of a minister.

"He was a man with the good sense of financial matters," said Mr. Morgan, "as the average financier is ignorant of matters ecclesiastic.

"His son received a check—the first he had ever got in his life—and took it to the bank for payment.

"'But you must indorse the check,' said the paying teller, returning it through his little window.

"'Indorse it!' said the old minister in a puzzled tone.

"'Yes, of course. It must be indorsed on the back.'

"I see,' said the minister, and, surning the check over, he wrote across the back of it:

"'I heartily indorse this check.'"

Tit. for Tat.

A writer of miscellaneous matter, being engaged on an article on pessimistic literature, learned that one authority he wished to consult—Eduard von Hartmann—was to be found in the library of a lawyer of the place. Accordingly, the writer repaired to th lawyer's house and asked the loan of the volume.

"You are entirely welcome to it," said the owner, "but you mustn't take it from my library. I'm sorry, but I've lost so many books through lending them that a year ago I registered a solemn vow never to let another volume leave my house."

The writer thanked the lawyer, but of course he did not avail himself of the privilege extended him.

Some time later the lawyer came to the writer and asked to borrow his lawn mower.

"I am delighted to lend you my lawn mower," said the writer, "though it is my rule never to permit it to leave my lawn. There, however, you may use it to your heart's content."

Where the Danger Lay.

The judge of the juvenile court, leaning forward in his chair, looked searchingly from the discreet and very ragged piccaninny before his desk to the ample and solidtous form of the culprit's mother. "Why do you send him to the delicatessen to pick up coal?" demanded his honor. "You know it is against the law to send your child where he will be in jeopardy of his life."

"Deed, judge, I doesn't send 'im; I nebber has sent 'im, 'deed——"

"Doesn't he bring home the coal?" interrupted the judge, impatiently.

"But, judge," whips 'ima, judge, ebery time he brings it, I whips de little rapscallion till he can't set, 'deed I does."

The careful discipline softened her broad, shiny countenance reprovingly upon her undistracted offspring. Kept a conciliatory eye for the judge.

"You sure the coal he brings, do you sot?" persisted the judge.

"Burns it—burns it—coes I burns it, W'y, judge, I has to git it out ob de way."

"Why don't you send him back with it?" His honor chafed impatiently as he rasped out the question.

"Send 'im back, judge?" exclaimed the woman, throwing up her hands in a gesture of astonishment. "Send 'im back! Why, judge, I'd send 'im right home long ef me I didn't oughter send my chile to no sech dange'ous place as dat delicatessen!"

Willing to Pay.

The Right Rev. Bishop of Delaware tells the following story:

"A young man came to see me one day and said, 'Bishop, I want you to marry me on next Wednesday.'

"'All right, young man; I'll marry you,' I assured him.

"'Well, I want the bell to ring,' he continued.

"'Very well, you can have the bell rung.'

"'Well, I want the organ to play.'

"'All right; you can have the organ played.'

"'And I want everything else that anybody ever had at a wedding.'

"'Certainly, you shall have it.'

"Well, the night came, the bell rang, the organ played, the church was crowded, and everything went off as the young man wanted it. When the ceremony was over the young couple waited, instead of leaving the chancel. So I held out my hand, shook hands with the bride, and then held out my hand to the bridegroom. He had his hand behind his back, pretending not and as I stood with my hand out he said, somewhat bashfully, 'Bishop, I've had everything else heard all over the church:

"'Now, don't you think an all-fired hurry, bishop; I'm getting the money out just as fast as I can.'

"And everybody in the church giggled."

Likely Yarn.

The old man came out of the hen coop with a shotgun and a lantern. "Come out!" he shouted, as he thrust the latter by the collar. "Come out, and take your medicine. What be you doing in my chicken house, anyway?"

"Why, boss," said the tall tramp, with all the coolness of a cool cucumber, "I was passing de night there from force of habit, eh."

"Passing the night there from force of habit, eh?"

"Yes, me good old parents always told me if I wanted to be healthy, wealthy an' wise I should pass de entire night wid de chickens, an' I've been keeping it up ever since."

Curiosity.

Gerald—Second thoughts are always best, Geraldine—But who was in your mind before you thought of me?

An Appalling Possibility.

Broadway is laughing over a story about a wine agent and an eminent actor, whom the other had attempted to make use of as an advertising medium. The agent is introducing a new brand of champagne, and the other day he induced the actor to assist him in the consumption of a pint bottle of it at one of the fashionable restaurants.

"And now I'll tell you how you can do me a good turn—if you should happen to feel like it," he said.

"Delighted to do you a good turn, of course," responded the actor.

"It's this way," the agent explained. "You are traveling about the country a great deal and stopping at the best hotels. Now I want this champagne to become known in order to create a demand for it. What I would like you to do is to ask for my wine by name at the hotels you go to, so that the hotel men will get the idea that it is popular in New York and send in their orders for it. You won't mind doing that for me, will you?"

"I'll ask for it with pleasure," the actor declared. "But, good heavens man!" he added, in sudden alarm, "Suppose they should have it."

She Wanted the Credit.

Freedom of the will is a doctrine which children cultivate and appreciate. The little girl in this story was not willing to have all her naughty ingenuity ascribed to supernatural sources.

"It was Satan," said a mother to one of her children, who put it into your head to pull Elsie's hair."

"Perhaps it was," replied the little girl, "but kicking her shins was my own idea."

His Scheme.

Henrietta High Flyer—What makes Clarence Noodle so popular with all the girls?

Dolly Doolittle—I don't know unless it's because he puts perfume in the gasoline for his auto.

A Consul's Illustration.

Thomas Moffat, consul at Trinidad, distinguished himself while consul at La Guayra by refusing to sign a document declaring the sanitary conditions of La Guayra to be perfect." The town at the time was in the grip of the bubonic plague.

"The local authorities were angry with me," said Mr. Moffat recently, "for refusing to indorse their stupid and shameful policy. They said it was a beneficent policy, and told them that it reminded me, in its ignorant harmfulness, of a brakeman I once knew.

"The man was a novice, and on his first run there was a very steep grade to mount. The engineer had told him to put on less trouble to get up this grade, but this time he came over sticking. He almost lost his head. Eventually, however, he reached the top.

"At the station, looking out of his cab, the engineer saw the new brakeman, and said with a laugh of relief:

"'I tell you what, my lad, we had a job to get up here, didn't we?'

"'We certainly did,' said the new brakeman, 'and if I hadn't put the brake on we'd have slipped back.'"

Confusing Questions.

Even when Henry Pomerehne, the lawyer, was a boy he had a faculty of asking disconcerting questions. He has not outgrown it, as many a refractory witness can recall.

One day Henry's teacher made him stay in after school and set him a task to write that Henry had planned to devote to baseball. So he laid a trap for the teacher, which he fell into great deep.

"Teacher," he said, "if I were to lose the blade of my knife and were to put in a new blade put in, would it be the same knife?"

"It would, certainly," was the answer.

"And then suppose I were to lose the handle. If I were to put a new handle put on the blade, would it still be the same knife?"

"Yes, as long as a piece of the original knife remained it would be the same knife."

"Then," said Henry, in triumph, "suppose I were to find the old blade and the old handle and put them together, what knife would that be?"

Only Cool Place.

Through the sultry summer night there came certain sounds from the direction of the kitchen.

"George, whispered Miss MacDougal, nervously, "there—there is a burglar in the ice box.

Still George snored.

"George! Do you hear? Wake up! There is a burglar downstairs in the ice box."

George grumbled and turned over from his eyes.

"Burglar in the ice box," he murmured, thickly. "Thermometer popping out of tube and burglar in ice box. Lucky guy!"

And then George expressed himself with an old-fashioned yawn and turned over for another nap.

Not Ashamed to Tell.

He was a sophomoric young person and he was dining out. Also he was somewhat nervous. The dazzling beauty of the young woman who sat next to him at the table was the cause of it all. She had been "out" for two seasons and she chattered on in a lively, breezy style, while the sophomoric young person listened with polite attention, now and then injecting a word or two into the conversation, when he got the chance.

All through the dinner he had been admiring the contour of her arms and shoulders. And he was somewhat surprised when she said, without any warning: "Do you know I was vaccinated last week and the pain has been awful ever since."

"You?" said the sophomoric young person. "Why where were you vaccinated?"

The young woman smiled. "In New York," she said.

The Bishop and the Tramp.

A pastor in an uptown New York church recently told this anecdote during his sermon: "A certain bishop who had a most persuasive address, coupled with what would usually be called personal magnetism, was on the lawn with a party of other gentlemen when a tramp came up. He was a decent-looking fellow, penitent and well spoken. He approached one of the party and unfolded a tale of woe. 'Hold on, my friend,' said the gentleman addressed; 'you see that man over there? That is Bishop ——. If you go and speak to him; he is the very man you want.' The tramp obeyed, and was soon in earnest conversation with the bishop, at a little distance from the main party. Their talk seemed to be very animated. Presently the wayfarer drifted back, and was about to pass somewhat dejectedly, when the gentleman who had first greeted asked. 'Well, my friend, how did you get along with the bishop? Did he give you anything?'

"The tramp grinned. 'Well, stranger, you may believe it,' he said, 'but he actually talked me into giving him a dollar as a contribution for some new college he is building somewhere.'

"His hearers laughed, and one of them handed him some loose change, whereupon he left. The bishop proved a lucky story to be true by giving them the dollar."

Lord Beresford's Wit.

The Emerald isle is proud of Charlie Beresford and Charlie is proud of his native land and comments. "Irishmen may have their faults," he says, "but give me an Irishman—the best fellow that ever was. Could anybody tell more stories than the Irish?"

One of the best stories he ever heard was about a fellow who was very fond of shooting. He said: "The fellow had never shot was a squirrel, and the first time I hit him I missed him altogether, and the next time I hit him I hit him in the same place, and after that I took a stoop and dropped him down with my hand and he felt he was dead, and with that was the first bird I ever killed."

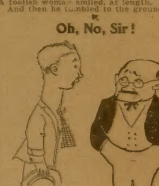
And Lord Charles is never tired of quoting—this time an Irish member of the House of Commons who compared a certain whisky to a "torchlight procession trickling down his throat."

BACK TO EARTH.

He climbed the ladder of success.
His jaws were set, his look was grim,
And many cruel words he spoke
To those who got directly in him.

He reached the heartbreaking height;
He stood upon the topmost round.
A foolish wish—he tried, and tumbled
And then he tumbled to the ground.

Oh, No, Sir!



Freddie Likewire—I don't need an alarm clock to wake me in the morning.

Manager Hungry man, do you stay out as late as that?

A Stroke of Luck.

A rich old farmer who had moved into a Michigan village had a ne'er-do-well son who would not work, but hung around hanging around the village and living on his father, much to the disgust of the happy moment when the father might die.

One morning news came from the rich old farmer's house that he had had a stroke of apoplexy and was dying. The good women of the village rushed over to see if they could do anything. They found the son sitting on the porch in a rocking chair rocking slowly and rubbing his hands.

"Oh," one lady said, "is this terrible news true? How is your father?"

"Well," replied John, continuing the rocking, "all I can say is that I expect to be a rich man in a few minutes."

Rubbed It In.

The argument had reached the jumping-off point.

"Oh, well I don't care," she said. "Have it your way—but our engagement is off."

"Don't say that," he protested. "I am willing to admit that I was wrong."

"That's all right as far as it goes," she retorted, "but it doesn't go quite far enough."

"What more can I do?" he queried.

"You can and must admit that I was in the right," she replied.

And he did.

Limited.

She—But have you any prospects?
He—Only you and one other girl.

Esther, the Mountain Beauty

By Emma Howard Wight

[Copyright 1910 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 39, Sept. 24. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VI.

"IT AM MISS VIRGINIA!"

ON THE train, running from Stradsburg to Winchester upon the following afternoon, were two passengers that attracted much attention. A splendidly built man, in the rough, picturesque garb of a mountaineer, and a girl, with a face of exquisite loveliness,

wearing a rich fur coat and a silk hood of a fashion of twenty years before.

When Hite Dorn and Esther reached Winchester the former went at once to a livery stable and hired a horse and buggy.

"Now, honey," he said, handing the lines to Esther after they were seated in the buggy, "you must find the way."

Esther laughed happily as she gathered up the lines and turned the horse in the direction of the turnpike.

"It isn't far, honey, he lives, daddy," she declared. "Out on the turnpike," and again that strange, musical laugh fell upon his ears.

Hardly a word was spoken by either as they drove along the gray turnpike. The girl was too happily engrossed to be otherwise than self-absorbed. Hite Dorn was also absorbed in thought.

"I thought yesterday that it jest couldn't be," he was thinking. "That I was a foolish even to think it for a moment. But——" He drew a long breath. Esther drew rein before the gates of Beverley Manor.

"This is where he lives, daddy," she declared. "Where he lived when he told me he lived in a big white house, about a mile from Winchester, on the left. Here are the gates opening upon the turnpike."

"Yes, honey, I reckon this is the place." Hite Dorn spoke quietly, but his face had grown pale and set there was a strange, startled light glowing in his eyes as he got out of the buggy and turned to assist his daughter to alight. "This is the bosh place belong to young Mr. Warren?" he asked, in the same quiet voice, as he hitched the horse to one of the stone columns of the gate.

Esther shook her head.

"Oh, no," she replied. "It belongs to his uncle, but it will be left to him at his uncle dies."

Hite Dorn threw open the gates and motioned for the girl to enter, but she paused a little and hung back.

"Do you—do you reckon he'll be glad to see me, daddy?" she asked, tremulously.

A curiously grim smile passed over Hite Dorn's face.

"Ooyes," he said, holding out his hand to her. "Come, and we'll see."

He led the girl, who was half reluctant, half eager, up the broad walk and on to the portico. The short November afternoon had fallen, and it was dusky.

Still holding his daughter by the hand, Hite Dorn went up to one long window, opening upon the portico, and looked into the room beyond.

The room, with its purple velvet draperies, its furniture of dark, carved wood upholstered in purple satin, its walls filled with brica-brac and rare china, its walls hung with costly paintings, and its one occupant, a man, with a cold, patrician face, seated in a great purple chair before the fire.

A tumult of emotions distorted Hite Dorn's face as he looked, and he stood gazing upon the solitary occupant of that beautiful room. Then he gave a push, open the window, flung aside its silk and lace drapery and, turning to his daughter, said in a voice that was harsh from the riot of passion the sight of that cold, proud face had aroused within him:

"Go in."

Esther gave him a startled glance, but mechanically, she obeyed him.

As the girl moved slowly forward, Hite Dorn stood with the silk and lace of the costly curtains crushed in his strong hand and his eyes fixed upon the face of the man in the purple chair before the fire.

The girl had advanced only a step or two when Decatur Beverley raised his eyes and saw her.

Slowly he lifted himself in his chair and got upon his feet, an awful terror, a slow dawning of unbelief, a look of awful dismay blanching his face. For a moment he stood rigid, gazing down upon the girl, while his white lips moved as if uttering words from them, then, suddenly he tottered forward a few steps and fell forward upon his face.

Esther shrieked aloud.

The next moment the purple draperies of the doorway were thrust aside and Harold Warren rushed into the room, followed by the old butler, Grayson.

Harold gave one glance of utter amazement at the group before him, across the room and knelt down beside his uncle, gently lifting him so that he could look into his face.

The old darky stood staring at Esther, an ashen look of terror on his dusky face.

"De good Lawd hab mussy on us!" he cried, tremulously. "I am Miss Virginia come back from de dade!"

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In the meanwhile, Hite Dorn, who had stood for a moment or so petrified at what had occurred, had entered the room and taken his daughter in his arms, speaking to her gently and soothingly, for she was trembling and utterly unnerved.

As his uncle was borne from the room, Harold turned and addressed Hite Dorn and, at the sound of his voice, Esther lifted her head from her father's breast and glanced at him shyly.

"Mr. Dorn, am I right in the supposition that your daughter is the grandchild of my uncle, Decatur Beverley?" Harold asked.

"Yes," Hite Dorn replied. "My wife, Essie's mother, war the daughter of Decatur Beverley."

"Since that is the case will you be good enough to remain here until I return?" asked Harold. "I must go to my uncle, but I will come to you later."

"I'll wait," Hite Dorn replied, after an instant's hesitation.

Harold bowed and left the room.

Esther looked up at her father.

"Oh, daddy," she sobbed, "he don't seem one bit glad to see us."

"Never mind, honey, don't fret," said Hite Dorn, soothingly. "Folks like him ain't much on to show their feelings, 'spicious like, and, besides, he's considerable worried about his uncle."

"What does it all mean, dad?" asked Esther, bewilderedly. "You said that—that man was my grandfather."

"Yes, he's yo' grandfather, honey," said Hite Dorn.

Just then Grayson returned to the room. He came over to Esther and took the girl's hands, his eyes lingering, in a wondering, awed way, upon the girl's face.

"She am Miss Virginia's daughter" he said, addressing Hite Dorn.

"Yes," Hite Dorn replied, "and ole Grayson, young missy" the old darky asked, a little uncertainly, hesitating. "That's your foolish even to think it for a moment. But——" He drew a long breath. Esther drew rein before the gates of Beverley Manor.

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ate, however, that it should have proved so disastrous to my uncle."

"I ain't denying that," said Hite Dorn. "It war unfortunate, and I never reckoned on nothin' like such a catastrophe." He stopped abruptly, fearing that he might say too much and unwittingly compromise his daughter. "If you've done said all you want to say to me, Mr. Warren, me and my daughter won't intrude on you no longer," he added, with a simple dignity.

Harold shrugged his shoulders a little wearedly.

"What I should you leave this house when, in a few hours, or at the latest, in a few days, it will belong to your daughter?" he said.

Hite Dorn stared.

"To—to my daughter?" he murmured, dazedly. "Essie told me that it would all be yours."

"I was my uncle's heir because I was supposed to be my uncle's heir," Harold explained, coldly. He believed that Hite Dorn was acting a part. It never occurred to him that the man was sincere.

Hite Dorn regarded him in silence for a moment before he again spoke.

"So my leetle gal is heir to the property that you allege reckoned a gittin'?" he said at length.

"I fancy you are well aware of that fact also," Harold replied, curtly. He was growing weary of the discussion.

"Well, the question of this bosh house ain't dead yet," said Dorn. "And, as waitin' for that is likely to last pretty much to my likin', I reckon Essie and me'll go back to the mountains."

He turned and went toward the couch with the evident intention of awakening the girl.

Harold watched him somewhat puzzled and a little nettled. "Confound the man," he misjudged the man, after all? But no, that could not be. There was no other conclusion at which he might, no other construction to be placed upon the matter.

Dorn bent over his daughter and gently aroused her.

"Wake up, honey," he said. "It's time fo' us to be goin'."

As Esther sat up, staring about her bewilderedly, Grayson came hastily into the room.

"Mr. Marse Harold," he said, brokenly, "de ole massa am gone!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BARRIER.

It was the afternoon of the day on which Decatur Beverley had been laid in his grave.

In the library at Beverley Manor, Harold Warren and his uncle's lawyer, John Armstrong, sat facing each other, both very grave. The lawyer was a tall, spare man, with a clever face and very white hair.

"I am afraid there is no possibility of doubt but that this girl is Decatur Beverley's granddaughter and heiress," said the lawyer, with unmistakable regret.

"Her resemblance to her mother establishes that fact, does it not?" remarked Harold.

"Well, no, not altogether," the lawyer replied. "The girl is wonderfully like Virginia Beverley, but the accidental likenesses sometimes occur. I cannot understand why Decatur Beverley's existence a secret. I intimated something of the kind to him and he replied that he had his own reasons for doing so. He is an uncommon character, this mountaineer, and I am puzzled to imagine what a girl like Virginia Beverley could be attracted by him."

"He is a fine man, physically," said Harold. He paused a moment. "There is nothing in the way, then, of Miss Dorn's coming into possession of Beverley Manor?"

"It appears not," the lawyer admitted, with a perceptible note of regret in his voice. He glanced at Harold's quiet face. "He bears like a thoroughbred," he said. Decatur Beverley made disinherriting his daughter at the time of her marriage to Hite Dorn, and, apparently, he never had the heart to explain. "What course he would have pursued had he known of his granddaughter's existence, no one knows."

"What course do you think he would have pursued?" asked Harold, with sudden eagerness, the secret of which the lawyer was far from suspecting.

"From my knowledge of Decatur Beverley, I should say that, had he refused to recognize the girl as his granddaughter," the lawyer replied, with a smile, "he would be known of her existence I believe he would have made a will so that she could not inherit the property. I don't think he would ever have forgiven his daughter had she married. If his granddaughter had married after she was dead, if he felt remorse for his disinheritance, he would let bygones be bygones. Will power, inflexibility of purpose, indomitable pride were his ruling characteristics."

"Well, it's useless to conjecture as to what he would have done," Harold answered, with a faint smile. "There is the fact that Virginia Beverley's daughter is mistress of Beverley Manor. And why not? It is only fair and right that it should be so."

"That may be so," said John Armstrong. "But it's hard on you, Harold."

"It is hard to give up Beverley Manor," Harold admitted. "But I must make the best of circumstances."

"Marry your cousin and you won't have to give up Beverley Manor," the lawyer suggested, with a smile, but evidently in earnest. "I really mean it. Why shouldn't you? She is a lovely girl and evidently refined. She is illiterate, I admit—fancy the granddaughter of Decatur Beverley not to be able to read and write! He smiled. "It's an incongruity. But her lack of education can be remedied after you are married."

"What you suggest is impossible," declared Harold, quietly.

He spoke with a firmness, an air of decision that convinced the lawyer that it would be quite useless to urge him.

"Well, I am sorry," he said, with regret. "It would have been an easy way to make everything right. Have you made any plans for the future?"

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THE CHICAGO LEDGER

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1909, at the post office in Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLE JABS.

A smooth man is apt to make it rough for others.

Boobs, as a rule, attract more attention than wise men.

Work kills worry, but it is so much easier to worry than work.

To promote health take a daily bath, but not an immunity bath.

The man who expects to fail in an undertaking is seldom disappointed.

Being plain Duke of West Virginia is no honor enough for Steve Elkins.

Some of the Philippine uprisings are so hardy that they last over night.

With a mind of his own a man should be able to mind his own business.

Women like to use the word "lingerie" because it makes a noise like silk.

It taken a woman to be nice to a man she doesn't like and mean to one she does.

Then, again, most of the smuggling is done by people who do not need to steal.

A wedding ring is larger than a diamond ring, but it is much easier to pull a clove years.

Platitudes, though sugar-coated, will not make the boy like school who does not like it.

New York spends $35,000,000 a year on charity. It costs money even to be poor in Gotham.

Meanwhile the intrepid and unterrified West is spraying more pepper sauce on its politics.

Wealthy Americans now combine home in the steerage could not wait for the flying machines.

Panama must learn to apply to Uncle Sam for a license before indulging in an uprising.

Civilization may have to appoint a commission to deal with bobble-skirt injury litigation.

Youths who get hurt at football cannot explain that they did not know the game was loaded.

Many a truthful man develops into a cheerful liar when he will take care to be there for the finish.

Why call on Edison to exterminate the Jersey mosquito when Col. Roosevelt is so keen after big game?

Taft and Roosevelt want a good many of the same things, but Roosevelt wants them in a louder tone of voice.

Now that good people have organized a world-wide noise-rifle fight it is becoming a distinction to be a cow.

A wise man lets his wife think she is having her own way in order to get her to do what he wants to do.

The man who lets his mother pick out his wife or lets his wife pick out his cigars is entitled to a lot of sympathy.

Wall street should calm itself. A government of, for and by the people is not unconstitutional by any means.

Insurgency has failed in Nevada, which merely proves that pugilism is not the only queer thing they will stand for in that State.

(Continued from page five.)

"Yes," Harold replied. "I have decided to go to California," he went on to explain. "A college chum of mine has bought a ranch near Los Angeles and has several times asked me to come out and pay him a visit. In his last letter he wrote that he thought a partner, I shall call him for the time being, would be to his interest to have in the village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons so as to use traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the public. Beware of strangers.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

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750,000 COPIES WEEKLY

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLE JABS.

A smooth man is apt to make it rough for others.

Boobs, as a rule, attract more attention than wise men.

Work kills worry, but it is so much easier to worry than work.

To promote health take a daily bath, but not an immunity bath.

The man who expects to fail in an undertaking is seldom disappointed.

Being plain Duke of West Virginia is no honor enough for Steve Elkins.

Some of the Philippine uprisings are so hardy that they last over night.

With a mind of his own a man should be able to mind his own business.

Women like to use the word "lingerie" because it makes a noise like silk.

It taken a woman to be nice to a man she doesn't like and mean to one she does.

Then, again, most of the smuggling is done by people who do not need to steal.

A wedding ring is larger than a diamond ring, but it is much easier to pull a clove years.

Platitudes, though sugar-coated, will not make the boy like school who does not like it.

New York spends $35,000,000 a year on charity. It costs money even to be poor in Gotham.

Meanwhile the intrepid and unterrified West is spraying more pepper sauce on its politics.

Wealthy Americans now combine home in the steerage could not wait for the flying machines.

Panama must learn to apply to Uncle Sam for a license before indulging in an uprising.

Civilization may have to appoint a commission to deal with bobble-skirt injury litigation.

Youths who get hurt at football cannot explain that they did not know the game was loaded.

Many a truthful man develops into a cheerful liar when he will take care to be there for the finish.

Why call on Edison to exterminate the Jersey mosquito when Col. Roosevelt is so keen after big game?

Taft and Roosevelt want a good many of the same things, but Roosevelt wants them in a louder tone of voice.

Now that good people have organized a world-wide noise-rifle fight it is becoming a distinction to be a cow.

A wise man lets his wife think she is having her own way in order to get her to do what he wants to do.

The man who lets his mother pick out his wife or lets his wife pick out his cigars is entitled to a lot of sympathy.

Wall street should calm itself. A government of, for and by the people is not unconstitutional by any means.

Insurgency has failed in Nevada, which merely proves that pugilism is not the only queer thing they will stand for in that State.

He paused abruptly as the door opened and Hite Dorn entered with Esther.

The lawyer arose and his eyes lingered admiringly upon the girl, while Harold, after one brief glance toward her, looked away.

Esther was very pale, but wonderfully lovely in her black gown, which showed up her wondrous hair and the deep, shimmering gold of her hair. The lawyer was more forcibly impressed than before by her beauty and her wonderful resemblance to her dead mother.

"No wonder the shock killed Decatur Beverley," thought the lawyer. "The girl is a thoroughbred despite the mixture of plebeian blood in her veins. She will prove a fitting mistress of Beverley Manor."

As she entered the room, Esther's eyes, wistful, appealing, instinctively sought the face of Harold Warren. He bowed, as his eyes met hers, came forward and brought a chair for her, then moved away. The girl's eyes fell, she suppressed the sigh that rose to her lips.

Hite Dorn came and stood beside his daughter, his hand resting upon the back of her chair.

"You said you wished to see us, sir," he said, addressing the lawyer.

The latter bowed, as he resumed his seat.

"I have sent for You, Mr. Dorn, to tell you that I have verified all that you have advanced relative to the birth of your daughter," he said. "There appears to be no question but that she is the child of Mr. Beverley's daughter and your wife. The deceased having died intestate, your daughter, on next of kin, inherits all of his property."

Hite Dorn gravely inclined his head.

"I knowed that'd be no difficulty about provin' my daughter to be the grandchild of Mr. Beverley," he said. He paused, glanced at Harold and then continued, "Elaine and me has talked it over and we thinks it's no mo'n right that she should divide the property of her grandfather with Mr. Harold Warren. You could do it in that way, couldn't you, sir?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Armstrong," Harold interposed, before the lawyer could reply, "it is quite unnecessary to discuss this matter. While I am very grateful both to Mr. Dorn and his daughter, it is quite impossible for me to avail myself of their kind intention."

Esther, whose eyes had been fixed eagerly upon Harold, shrank closer to her father, a faint quiver passing over her lips.

"I am mighty sorry to heah you say that, Mr. Warren," said Hite Dorn, with such evident regret in his voice and manner that both Harold and the lawyer found it difficult to doubt his sincerity. "Heah as you always expected—"

Harold stopped him with a gesture.

"I beg you will say no more about it," he said firmly.

Hite Dorn regarded him steadily for an instant, then, slowly, regretfully, he turned away and addressed the lawyer.

"Is thar anything else that you wish to say to my lawful and only heir?" he asked.

"I think that is all for the present," John Armstrong replied, "unless there is any information you desire that I can afford you. I am at your service."

Hite Dorn shook his head.

"Thar ain't nothin' I can think of now," he replied. "Come, Esthy," he added, addressing his daughter.

As the girl arose, Harold moved forward and spoke to her.

"As I am leaving Beverley Manor almost immediately," he said, "I will take this opportunity to bid you good-by." He held out his hand as he finished speaking.

The girl stood staring up at him mutely, her arms hanging heavily at her sides, her beautiful face growing white to the lips. She seemed incapable of the effort necessary to give him her hand.

Harold paled as his hand fell heavily.

"I hope you will be very happy in your new life," he said, not very steadily.

"Come, Esthy, Esthy," Hite Dorn said gently, for he saw that the girl could not much longer control herself, and with his arm supporting her, he led her from the room.

The door had hardly closed upon them when Esther burst into an agony of tears.

"Oh, daddy, daddy," she sobbed, as she clung to him and looked imploringly into his face, "don't let him go away, don't let him leave me or I shall die."

"My lectle gal," Hite Dorn said, very sadly, "thar ain't nothin' yo' daddy wouldn't do fo' to make you happy, but I can't help you pain, even to the layin' down of his life. But I can't help you now, honey. I'm afeared he don't love you. Fo' if he did, he wouldn't go away and leave you."

In the simple vernacular of Hite Dorn there was nothing to suggest the true explanation of Harold Warren's course of action. It never occurred to him that it was pride, and pride alone, that was bringing such bitter suffering to his daughter.

"Thar ain't nothin' fo' you to do, honey," he added, as they left the room, "but pray."

"I can't forget him, daddy," the girl replied, hopelessly. "I love him and I shall love him till I die."

CHAPTER IV.

WAITING LONG.

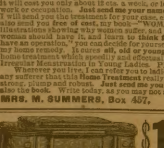
Ten years later.

The train had driven up to the principal hotel in Winchester and from it alighted a tall, athletic man, with a handsome bronze face, who was known to all as Harold Warren.

He was at the desk registering when a hand was laid on his arm and, turning, he found himself face to face with John Byrd.

"Harold Warren! by all that's marvelous!" cried Byrd, grasping his friend's hand.

Free to You—My Sister FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering From Woman's Ailments.



I am a woman, and I know woman's sufferings. I have found a cure, and I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions for curing all forms of Woman's ailments. I want to tell all women about the wonderful cures I have made in your daughters, sisters, wives, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home, with the help of a doctor, so that you can not understand Woman's sufferings. What we women know from experience you know because you are a woman. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whites, Displacements, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Ulcerative Tumors or Growths that also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, dizzy feeling at times, fainting, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles, and in fact any weakness peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete ten days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home without the help of a doctor. Just send me your name and address in a plain letter, and if you should wish to continue, I will send you the treatment for four more months, making a complete cure, all for only $1.00. I will also send you free of cost, my book, WOMAN'S OWN PHYSICIAN, which contains illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Many women should have it, and learn to think for herself. Every woman should have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have used my home treatment, I cure all, old or young. To Mothers or Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness or Anaemia, Irregular Menstruation or Young Ladies' Troubles. Don't suffer another day, but write me at once. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell you of cures that this home treatment has made. I want every sick woman to write me, and I will send you, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 457, " South Bend, Ind., U. S. A.

$1.00 A MONTH BUYS THIS SEWING MACHINE.

We will sell you a high-grade, drop-head, Ball Bearing Machine for $1.00 a month. We guarantee each machine for 20 years. We will ship it for 30 days' free trial. If you are not satisfied in every way after using it for 30 days, we will let stores and we have no agents. We can save you fully one-half. You get the benefit of our low prices and are paying for it out of what it costs you to do your sewing. Our machine is equipped with the latest improvements, and is especially featured in our machine the following high-grade attachments, such as short needles which can be changed easily; Oscillating hold half again as much thread as the old spring tension shuttle. We can't tell all the good points in this advertisement, and we couldn't afford to send you a machine on the terms we name here unless we gave big value and low prices. We want you to write us today, saying: Please send me circulars and full particulars about your $1.00 a month sewing machine offer. Write today. Address

FACTORY PRICES | SAVE FULLY ONE HALF

SHEFFIELD MFG. CO.,
Dept. 5, 1441 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo

"Why, John!" exclaimed Harold, his face lighting with pleasure. "I am glad to see you, old fellow."

"Is it true that you have made a fortune out in California?" John Byrd asked, as they moved away from the desk.

"Yes, quite true," Harold replied. "I bought a share in Ramsay's ranch and we started in cattle dealing. We made money that way and then I invested in a mine and struck it rich."

"I congratulate you, Harold. I was very much surprised when I heard you had gone to California," John Byrd went on. "I thought that you would surely marry Esther Dorn."

"Did it ever occur to you that she might not care to marry me?" suggested Harold.

"No, it did not," replied Byrd. "I believe she has loved you and that she has remained single because she still loves you."

"Are women ever so loyal as that?" asked Harold, lightly, while his heart beat in tumultuous throbs.

"Some are," declared Byrd.

"Tell me about my cousin," said Harold, after a moment's pause, "Is Esther she is very beautiful?"

"Beautiful!" cried Byrd, with enthusiasm. "She is unspeakably lovely. And she is one of the most cultured women in Virginia. For five years after she became the mistress of Beverley Manor she devoted herself to Beverley and her father, and when her father's death she went abroad and remained for three years."

"So Hite Dorn is dead?"

"Yes, he was killed by the accidental discharge of rifle in the hands of a man with whom he was hunting on the mountain."

"Hunting! on the mountain!" exclaimed Harold, in surprise. "What was he doing on the mountain?"

"He went back to live on the mountain," Byrd replied. "It seems the life at Beverley Manor was not to his taste."

"But was not he and his daughter bear to be separated? They were so devoted to each other."

"Oh, he always spent one or two days of the week with her. He was very fond of her. I could never understand that business of Hite Dorn's first appearance at Beverley Manor. He doesn't seem to have had the man's character."

Harold made no remark, but there was a very thoughtful look on his face. A new light was breaking in upon him as to the motive that prompted Hite Dorn's visit to Beverley Manor, and he wondered at his blindness.

"It certainly was hard lines on you, old fellow, that misunderstanding between you and that," added Byrd.

Harold threw back his head and laughed like some happy boy.

"I came to the conclusion some time ago that it was the very best that could have happened for me," he declared.

"Well, you don't seem to have suffered much, at all events," said Byrd.

* * * * *

Upon the portico at Beverley Manor a woman was standing. A woman whose beauty formed a part of the radiant June day.

She was gowned in filmy white, and there were June roses on her breast and in her hair.

A man came slowly up the broad walk, his eyes, full of passionate tenderness and a great yearning fixed upon her face.

She came slowly down the steps to meet him, the auburn of sunlight and copper tints in her hair, as it had done that evening as she leaned on the low white gate of the log house on the mountain.

A great light was in her eyes as she held out her hands to him.

"You have come—at last!" she said.

"You knew that I would come!" he asked, as he took her hands in his.

"Yes," she replied. "After I was capable of understanding why you went away, I knew you would some day come back to me, and I—waited. But the waiting has been long."

"But it is over now," he said, with a smile, as he drew her in his arms and laid his lips upon her hair.

The end.

A-Comin' and A-Goin'.

On a trip one day in Kansas, Stewart Taylor, the Kansas City attorney, ran across "Joe" Waters, a Topeka lawyer, at Alma.

"What are you doin' Taylor asked.

"Well, I've got a couple of suits against the Santa Fe," the Topeka man, who is a brother of L. H. Waters, of Kansas City, answered. "I'm going to collect damages from the road, once for whistling and once for not whistling."

"I don't quite get that," Taylor said.

"Well, it's this way. There's an engineer on this run who used to court a girl in this town. He and didn't prosper somehow, the girl choosing to remain a maid. She owns a little place on the outskirts of the town, close to the railroad tracks, and lives there. It seems his rejection stirred up the acid in the engineer's disposition, and every time he takes his train past the house of his former sweetheart he lets a shriek out of the whistle. Sometimes he'd even stop the train to plunge it until he could feel sure she had a headache. She stood it until she was a nervous wreck, and then sued the railroad for damages.

The other suit against the road concerns the same engineer. He must have been saving up his steam to let off in front of the house of his late flame, because he neglected to blow the whistle one day when he approached a crossing just outside of town here and ran down a farmer's wagon, killing a horse. The owner brought suit and gave me the case; so here I am to make the company pay for whistling and for not whistling."

The Thoughtful Parent.

The professor of ancient languages had been left for a short time in charge of his only son and heir, aged 18 months. He was in his study, and the mother, who had been content while she heard her husband's voice, was uneasy when the sound of a triumphant "There!" came from the study, followed by a rustling of papers.

She stopped to the door, left wide open in case she might be needed to assuage some sudden woe, looked in, and then sprang over the threshold to the baby.

"James," she cried, indignantly, "did you give baby this to play with? Don't you know he always puts buttons in his mouth? I've told you so 100 times!"

"Why, yes, my dear, certainly I am aware of that," said the professor, rabidly recalled from Assyrian research; "but when I saw how he desired the button, I conceived the idea of assisting it finally to a long string, so that in case the button did slip down it could be speedily recovered, and all harm prevented."

Uncomfortable Ceremony.

Association with royalty may be gratifying to the spirit, but it is uncomfortable to the body. A description of the ceremony which F. Harrison Smith had to go through when he received a royal honour from King John, predecessor of the late King Alexander of Servia, "Through Abyssinia," and sounds most uninviting. The author was an envoy from Queen Victoria.

In a very hot tent were arranged all the insignia about to be bestowed on me. Having taking off my outer clothes, and my legs, already clothed in a pair of field boots and velveteen Lord riding breeches, had a pair of capacious pantaloons of French silk, embroidered with gold and lined with red. A silk shirt, also embroidered and lined, was put on and confined at the waist with a silk sash, the fringe reaching below and over this a fur cape of lion's mane. By this time I was beginning to feel very broiled.

My discomfort was increased by having a silver-gilt cuirass strapped on my right forearm; on the left was hung a rhinoceros-hide shield, covered with dark blue silk ornamented with silver studs. Then my almost powerless hands were thrust two immense gauntlets. A golden collar of office, the badge of the Order of Solomon, was hung on me.

I had to load a gally trapped horse to the door of the King's hut, and bow to his majesty, the King of Zion. This I accomplished to the admiration of the spectators, without harm to myself or my horse, and my shield and spear to my servant, I returned to the tent with the King.

By this time I was in a profuse perspiration, which was not remarkable, as I had on two nearly complete suits of clothes. Inside a lion's skin surtout. I omitted to mention that over my shirt I had been strapped to my waist on the right side, and within reach of my sword hand, a pistol. I triumphed over these difficulties.

When the ceremony was over I received many compliments on my horsemanship and was told me that all the spectators declared I was made to wear such a costume. They always do that; it produces dollars oftentimes.

It was not my fault that my horse in such fearful and wonderful attire. But I managed it, and I rode off with a light heart and a slightly headache, and when I reached my abode I speedily divested myself of my clothes.

A Woman at the Bank.

"Good morning," said the lady in fashionable attire, as she approached the teller's window in the bank.

"Good morning," came from the busy teller, as he wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow.

"Nice morning," continued the smiling female.

"Yes," said the teller, turning his face away to escape the strong odor of violet extract.

"Family well?"

"Yes, very well. What can I do for you this morning?"

"Been on your vacation yet?"

"Not yet," very impatiently.

"Nice weather for a vacation."

"Yes."

"Family away yet?"

"No."

"Going soon, I suppose?"

"Something I can do for you?" asked the teller, very much out of patience, as he saw the line growing behind the fussy woman.

"Y-e-s—let me see. What day is today?"

"Today is Friday."

"Oh, yes; Friday. Yesterday was Thursday, of course."

"Those people are getting very impatient behind you, madam."

"Must keep you very busy here."

"—I—I—I—I—" aside.

"I suppose you're very glad when Sunday comes so you can have a day of rest?"

"Do you want to make a deposit or draw some money?"

"Oh, yes; I almost forgot. Why, I want to draw a dollar. You see, I am going down to make out the ticket. Won't you make it out for me?"

"How much?" as the teller mopped his brow for the fifteenth time.

"Let me see. I think it is $34," fumbling in her pocket.

"Your book, please."

"Oh, my! Now, isn't that too bad? I've come away and left the book and money at home. Well, I'll drop in again. Good day!"

Most Familiar Portrait.

Do any of my readers know what is the most common familiar portrait in the world? I heard this matter discussed the other evening with rare erudition and cogency, says a writer in Answers in Ainslee's Magazine. One of the gentlemen was sure Napoleon Bonaparte was the best-known portrait in the world. Another was sure Shakespeare held that title. Still another contended that no likeness was so universally known as that of King Edward on the coins of Great Britain mentioned the sphinx, and somebody else mentioned the Venus de Milo. The discussion was growing warmer when a mild and callow youth broke in up with:

"You are all wrong. All of you! The best-known portrait in the world is the queen of spades."

He then proceeded to prove to us what, it seems, is commonly knowledge among the cognoscenti; namely, that the queen of spades is the only one of the pack of cards in which Queen Anne of Britain, "It seems that somewhere about 1710 the English and European stationers fixed on the image of the then Queen of England as a suitable one to inscribe on their playing cards. For 200 years or more, her face has looked out at us, not altogether unpleasantly—particularly in bezique—from the depths of the pack. How much longer, we wonder, will her physiognomy be shuffled down the corridors of time?

Fighting Your Battles When We Save For You Middlemen's Profits

Here is the company receiving the enthusiastic support of music lovers in every state in the Union, in Canada, Mexico and Cuba, when it goes over the heads of middlemen, and supplies the **SWEET-TONED, HAND-MADE**

Schmoller & Mueller Piano

direct to users at factory prices. No dissatisfied user has ever applied for exchange privilege on these pianos of this Beautiful Sweet-Toned Schmoller & Mueller Piano. Sold at our Factory-to-Home Prices, each purchaser saves the middlemen's profits, and secures the personal interest and attention of the president of the factory.

We have no combination of dealers or agents. In their efforts to block and close the doors against Schmoller & Mueller Pianos, the combination of piano dealers have succeeded in closing the doors against Schmoller & Mueller Pianos to music lovers who are fair minded, who believe in a square deal. Therefore, we are compelled to appeal from the false assertions and misrepresentations of the combined dealers' and agents' efforts against the Schmoller & Muller Pianos, to buy where they please, from whom they please, when they please, and on what terms they can get, as the Schmoller & Mueller Piano, from $193 to $395 which otherwise goes to these middlemen.

With the removal of middlemen's profits, you know that the outcome of our

FIGHT WITH THE PIANO TRUST

must be victory for the Schmoller & Mueller Piano. We have no fear of competitors everywhere, and for our customers who are so safely backing our efforts in furnishing a High Grade Mailing Friend Schmoller & Mueller Piano at a low price and on unusually low terms.

Your controlled desires and agreements object but all in vain against our policy of selling Schmoller & Mueller Pianos direct to users, lowest at a fixed price and on easy terms of payment. We are not to be driven from the field. We are selling customers direct at factory prices, and are not to be driven from the field. We are selling customers direct at factory prices, and are not to be driven from the field. We are selling customers direct at factory prices, and

How to Get Rid of Catarrh.

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and It Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-five years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 27 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

Not. Hard to Fit.

New Girl—Please, mum, while you're downtown, would ye be so kind as to order me a pair o' shoes?

Mrs. De Style—I—er—do not know your size.

New Girl—Nor I, mum; but I think if ye gets them about the the size of yours, they'll do.

Mrs. De Style (hesitatingly)—Do you think you could wear them?

New Girl—Oh, yes, mum. After new shoes is wet they shrinks.

FREE LAND GRANTS.

Many Americans are taking up the sacre fruit tracts and city lots now being offered free in Mexico. The only requirements are to have fruit trees planted within 3 years. Even the planting and care of the trees will be done on shares for those who can't go or do not care to go. The fruit grows bountifully and matures lusciously and commands very high prices. The Jantha Plantation Co., Section 595, Pittsburg, Pa., is the U. S. office for receiving applications. Particulars on request.

She Was Jealous.

Mrs. Winks—Are you going to take a European trip this summer, Mrs. Binks?

Mrs. Binks—Well, I should say not. I had enough of European trips last year. Henry left me in Paris and when he reached Italy he wrote that he was spending a few days admiring beautiful Florence. When it comes to a married man leaving his wife in one country and going to another to admire another woman, it is time for them both to remain at home.

FRECKLES.

It Is Easy to Remove Them.

For years I tried every known remedy without success. Rain specialists and doctors said I would take them to the grave. I fooled them all.

I cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send you the prescription free if you write me for it. It took off my freckles and the freckles of thousands of others. It will restore yours. It will clear the worst complexion. Write today. Address Mrs. E. C. White, Box 64, Dept. I-0, Buffalo, N. Y.

Echoes of His Past. Life.

Seymour—Satterly seems to be suffering all the time.

Ashley—Yes, he has rheumatic trouble.

Seymour—Rheumatic trouble? Why, I never knew that before.

Ashley—Yes, he has a rheumatic conscience.

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock (Clothing Dealer), East Hampton, Conn., says if any sufferer from a Kidney or Bladder trouble will send him their address he will gladly and without charge direct them to the splendid remedy he successfully used at home in his own case.

Wouldn't Stay.

Mrs. Mannering—What, do you mean to tell me that your splendid curly haired cook has left? Couldn't you make her stay?

Mrs. Mandeville—Ever; we could have made her stay easily enough—the trouble was we couldn't make her hair stay.

FREE DEAFNESS TREATMENT.

A remarkable offer made by one of the leading specialists who offers free, a harmless remedy for all applying at once. His new treatment has cured scores of deaf people, and relieved singing, head noises and similar troubles in many cases after other means failed to benefit. Send no money. Address Dr. W. O. Shumaker, M. D., 12 Gunnel Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

He Was a Worker.

Goodman (after giving 10 cents)—Ever do any work?

The Hobo—Sure thing. I jist finish'd a job uv work.

Goodman—What did you do?

The Hobo—Work'd for dat 10 cents.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Migatette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and roseleaves to the cheeks, preserving it in any condition up to extreme old age. This preparation has been used by the French ladies for 40 years and is now introduced to the American ladies. Send 10c (silver) for full box and receipt (or 15c for receipt and one box). Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 32, Blairsville, Pa.

He Didn't Laugh.

Stranger—You are the only gentleman in the room.

Guest—In what way?

Stranger—When I tripped in the dance, and went sprawling on the floor, tearing my fair partner's dress, you were the only one in the room who did not laugh.

Guest—The lady is my wife, and I paid for the dress.

A Serious Quarrel.

He—I thought you and Ethel had a quarrel.

She—We have. I hate her!

He—But I saw you kiss each other when you met yesterday.

She—Yes, but that's all we do. We hardly speak.

Who Sends the Bills In?

Mr. New-Wed (trying to be bright)—There seems to be a good many mosquitoes here. Are they included in the bill for the rent?

Mrs. New-Wed—No. John, the mosquitoes send their own bills in.

Not. a Good Guesser.

Young Lady (at church lawn party)—Don't you want to take a chance on this diamond ring? If you guess correctly the number of beans in this jar you get it.

The Tall Man—Nothing doing in the guessing line for me. I'm the official weather forecaster for this town.

HOW TO BEAT A HAT.

By using a mirror one may see whether he knows a lady or whether he would like to know her.

Still Knocking.

Mrs. Stubb—John, the health magazine states that more bachelors take Turkish baths than married men.

Mr. Stubbs (smiling)—Well, that's nothing extraordinary, Maria. You know there are lots of married men whose wives keep them in "hot water" all the time.

The Lesser Trouble.

Wife—I'm going to the dentist's to have this tooth out. Just mind the baby till I come back.

Husband—You mind the baby, Jessie, and I'll go and get a tooth pulled out!

The Bounder.

"Are you any good at high diving, Mcstoutish?"

"Gracious, no, I can't dive. When I hit the water I bounce!

Proved.

The Professor—Do you think, sir, that it is possible to extract gold from sea water?

The Prosperous Friend—Ha! ha! I know it. I run a seaside hotel.

No Other Excuse.

Tom—And was theirs a love match?

Jack—It must have been; they were both quite wealthy.

Her Selection.

Mrs. De Fine—Here's my new hat. Isn't it a darling? Only twenty-eight dollars!

Mr. De Fine—Great Snakes! You said hats could be bought at from three dollars up.

Mrs. De Fine—Yes, dear. This is one of the "ups."

Just. So.

"Men are like magazines."

"As to how?"

"Sometimes the back numbers are worth a good deal more than the latest copies."

Then is Time for Disappearing.

"Do you always tell your wife the truth?"

"Except when she powders her nose and asks me how she looks."

A Likely Diagnosis.

Doctor—I believe you have some sort of poison in your system.

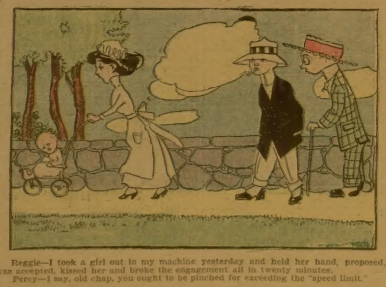
Patient—Shouldn't wonder. What was that last stuff you gave me?

No Great Accomplishment.

Blox—They have a monkey at the zoo that chews tobacco.

Knox—That's nothing. I've seen lots of monkeys smoking cigarettes.

RECKLESS.



Reggie—I took a girl out in my machine yesterday and held her hand, proposed, was accepted, kissed her and broke the engagement all in twenty minutes.

Percy—I say, old chap, you ought to be pinched for exceeding the "speed limit."

Official.

"We have an official warning not to turn much gas this month."

"I never heard of such a thing."

"Oh, yes. It was last month's bill."

Tit. for Tat.

"Old Hardshirt declared he would break his giddy wife's will if she attempt killed him."

"Well, he did, and then she broke his."

Gungy Salt Talk.

Hank Stubbs—Gosh dinged if I ain't gittin' behind the times.

Bige Miller—How so?

Hank Stubbs—I says to my wife, says I: "It's too bad Mandy Crockett is so crippled up with corns and bunions, ain't it?" An' she says: "Mandy ain't got no corns an' bunions, she's bein' a bobble gown made an' is tryin' to acquire the walk in advance."

Wifey Scores a Hit.

Wifey—Did you hear all those men at the baseball game were trying to reach home, George?

Hubby—Yes.

Wifey—It seems as hard for a man to get home on the ball field as it does under ordinary circumstances, doesn't it?

Quite a Traveler.

"Well, well. It takes all kinds of people to make a world."

"I'm listening."

"A feed for statistics estimates that in the last five years he has circumnavigated his library table 2,000 times."

Rather Strenuous.

"Awn will yes listen to this. A Brooklyn man injured his wife severely on th' golden weddin' that he broke two av her ribs."

"Ah! awn isn't it grand to see such affection after all thim years?"

His Errand.

"Here's a man returns to his wife after an absence of twenty years."

"What excuse did he give for staying away all those years?"

"Said he couldn't get the sample matched."

For the Cause of Truth.

Fruitless—Do you know what Hooker has done to encourage truthfulness in his neighborhood?

Kalen—No.

Fruitless—He has drained his pond and removed all fish.

Precaution.

Mr. Parvenue—We'll open our reception with eclat, all right.

Mrs. Parvenue—Mark my worde, John, if you serve anything like that at the start they'll all be intoxicated before the dancing begins.

One on the Dominie.

Minister (to Rory)—I didna see ye at kirk on Sunda'.

Rory—I was at Mr. Dunlap's kirk.

"If ye were a shepherd, Rory, ye widna like yer ain sheep to go in strange pastures."

"I widna care if it was good grass."

Public Inspection Invited.

On the Laboratory of the Pinkham Medicine Company at Lynn, Mass., is a large sign which reads as follows: "Public Inspection Invited from 8:00 A. M. until 4:00 P. M.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co."

This means that everything in connection with the preparation of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is open to public inspection. The roots and herbs are tested for uniformity of strength, and the utmost care and accuracy is maintained throughout the entire preparation of this great remedy for woman's ills.

Formal, Indeed.

De Quiz—Was it a formal dinner?

De White—I should say so. There were so many knives, forks and spoons that everybody had his eyes glued on the hostess to see which to pick up next.

In the Blood.

Knicker—Jones is all the time wanting more money.

Bocker—No wonder; his father was a college president and his mother was a woman.

Had Half a Dozen.

Mrs. Dearborn—Nothing like a man to open a woman's eyes.

Mrs. Wabash—Well, I understand you've had half a dozen eye-openers.

He Knew Her.

Mr. Shortweight (a grocer)—I see you have a photograph of Mrs. Dunn in your showcase. It's very much like her.

The Photographer—Yes, and she hasn't paid me yet.

Mr. Shortweight—That's still more like her.

Frozen.

Dick—Yes, after she had consumed the third plate of ice cream she said her love for the young man that was treating her could no longer be concealed.

Dolly—Three plates of ice cream! H'm! I should think it would have been congealed.

Not, if She Saw Him First.

Mr. Borem Goode (11:30 p. m.)—Good night, Miss Evangeline, I've had such a pleasant evening. Tomorrow night I'll be in this neighborhood, and I'll stop.

Miss Evangeline—Thank you so much for telling me. I won't be home.

One Cure.

"You have an enormous appetite," said a thin man enviously. "What do you take for it?"

"In all my experience," replied his plump friend, "I have found nothing more suitable than food!"

Bright Outlook.

Mr. Torkins—Yes, I am sure our garden is going to be a success.

Mrs. Torkins—Why?

Mr. Torkins—The chickens have tasted everything and are perfectly enthusiastic.

Damaged in Transit.

"John, take this bouquet to Miss Winks and tell her to accept it as a feeble token of my affection."

John (delivering the gift)—Mr. Fluke sends this as a token of his feeble regards.

Friendly Hint.

"Excuse me, old man, but I feel that I ought to give you a tip for your own good. That pretty girl you're flirting with carries that music roll for a bluff. She doesn't sing or play."

"Thanks, dear boy; I'll marry her at once."

An Expensive Favor.

"I think we will save money by buying an ice chest."

"Why, Henry?"

"I notice that every time you cool a watermelon in Smith's ice chest you give them half."

Her Talent.

"And does your cook do the washing, too?"

"Yes."

"And is she a good cook?"

"Oh, yes; she stews the clothes beautifully."

Like Humans.

Maud—Isn't it queer that lobsters are always green until they get into hot water?

Fred—Nothing queer about that. If they weren't green they wouldn't get into hot water.

Stuck.

Mother House Fly—Have you seen Big Buzz, your father?

Child House Fly—Yes, ma, but he wouldn't speak to me—he was busy with a paper.

He Knew.

The Hero—Harm one hair of her head and your life shall pay the penalty.

The Villain (aside)—Why go to such extremes? A wig like hers doesn't cost more than $8.

In Time to Come.

Mr. Farmer—Great gosh, Susan, it's raining cats and dogs!

Mrs. Farmer—Oh, dear! I'll bet anything that one uv them airships that was carryin' the circus has blown up.

Using What She Learned.

Little Mabel had spent the afternoon at her father's business office, where the telephones were kept pretty busy. That night as she went to bed she surprised her mother by closing her prayers with: "Amen. Good-by. Ring off!"

SICK 'ABED.

"How is it you boys aren't at school this morning?"

"Please, miss, we've both got very bad colds."

Growing Fast.

"It's dreadfully queer," said the housewife, "that the potatoes you bring should be so much bigger at the top of the sack than they are at the bottom."

"Mum," said the honest farmer, "it comes about this way. Taters is growing so fast just now that by the time I get a sackful, the last ones is ever so much bigger than the fust ones."

Now They Don't Speak.

Miss Antique—I understand that Professor Fossil is just crazy to meet me.

Miss Caustique (yawning)—Yes; the professor is greatly interested in prehistoric relics.

The Answer.

Tom—Poor chap; he's disappointed in love.

Jess—Why, I thought he was married.

Tom—So he is.

Like Most of Us.

Claude—Say, pop, where do the mosquitoes spend the winter?

Pop—I don't know, and as long as they don't spend it with me, I don't care.

CALLING DOWN THE JANITOR.

The early days of fall are here,
We see in boldest type;
The frosty morns are drawing near—
The pumpkin's getting ripe.
And soon about the town you'll hear:
"Confound that old steam pipe!"

A Similitude.

"How did you happen to name that race horse 'Comet'?"

"Because," answered the sardonic sport, "by the time he gets once around the track everybody has forgotten that he ever started."

His Great Scheme.

Seymour (watching the roaring fire in Ashley's grate)—Your chimney seems to be drawing a great deal better than it used to.

Ashley—Yes; at the other end I have a vacuum cleaner attached.

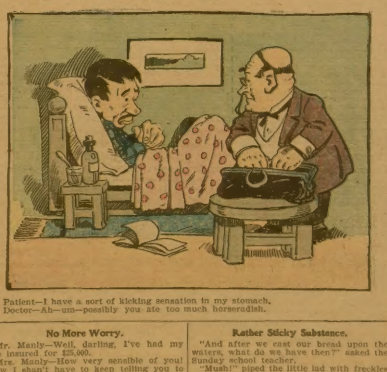
Of Course He Was Sorry.

Morrison—I bet the man who ran his auto over Snodgrass is sorry.

Harrison—Why do you think so?

Morrison—Snodgrass was wearing a scarfpin that punctured the fellow's tire.

DIAGNOSIS.



Patient—I have a sort of kicking sensation in my stomach.

Doctor—Ah—um—possibly you ate too much horseradish.

No More Worry.

Mr. Manly—Well, darling, I've had my life insured for $25,000.

Mrs. Manly—How very sensible of you! Now I shan't have to keep telling you to be so careful every place you go.

Rather Sticky Substance.

"And after we cast our bread upon the waters, what do we have them?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"Mush!" piped the little lad with freckles on his nose.

The Country Postman.

First City Boarder—Did you ask the postmaster if there was any mail for me?

Second City Boarder—Yes; but he couldn't say.

First City Boarder—Why not?

Second City Boarder—He was deaf and dumb.

Had No Kick.

"Catch any fish?"

"Nope."

"Better luck next time."

"I'm satisfied. I don't care to have cheap fish biting those expensive flies."

WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

More precious than rubies
Or diamonds so gay
Are eggs that the hens
All reluctantly lay!

Pop's Idea.

Percy—Say, pop, what's a timepiece?

His Father (absently)—A promissory note.

POINTED LANDING.

"I'll pick up some points,"
Said the new aviator,
Mid the framework and joints
Of his sky elevator.
But a point picked him up,
By all of creation,
When he landed her-plup!
On a wireless station.

Cologinal.

Mrs. Oldbluddе—I hear that you have very fine colonial furniture in the house you have rented.

Mrs. Newrich—I don't know, ma'am, but we've been to Cologne, and I never saw any like it there.

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wrestling with the forecastle. It was no light task at which they were at work. Every now and again there would be a warning shout of: "Hold tight!" and an old gray-back would swing itself aboard, roaring and foaming, sweeping the forward deck, and then go thundering over-board while the second officer and his helper would look around to see if either had gone with it.

"Hold tight, boy!" shouted the mate, seeing Frank making his way toward them. "Where'd you spring from? I didn't seen you before."

"Captain told me to come forward and help you," answered Frank. He had made up his mind to make the best of things.

"All right; lay hold here and haul away—watch out for the seas!" Next moment the sea came down with a run and was piled aboard. The second officer had succeeded in reeling the topsails, and the brig was now steadier under lower canvas only.

Night was settling in and a rough one it promised to be. Frank Doulton was used to the sea in all her varying moods, so did not suffer from seasickness, but he was in agony of mind. By morning they would be well out of the Channel and in the broad Atlantic, and demands for getting ashore then would be small indeed. No one seemed to concern themselves about him, so he made his way back to the little cabin he had just left. The man had returned, for he was just curling himself up on the bunk, grumbling about the "old man pinching his" so much. She'd sail a deal better if he wouldn't sail her so close to the wind," he confided to Frank, in a growling voice. The boy was about to try to find out where the ship was bound to, when a sailor appeared, and with a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder, said: "Old man wants you."

"Where?" inquired Frank, but the man was gone.

"Follow your nose," grunted the man in the bunk, as the lad turned to him with an appealing gesture. Next moment he was snoring loudly. There was nothing for it but to follow this advice. He made his way on deck and toward the wheel, but the captain was not there.

"In the cuddy, I reckon," replied the steersman, cheerily, in answer to Frank's query, and the boy made his way down again.

"Come in," sounded the rasping voice, in answer to Frank's knock. "Oh, you, boy, is it?" The captain found out an enormous quantity of tobacco juice. He eyed the boy closely; his left optic partially closed. "Guess you'll do. Say, boy, I'll take you on —fifteen shillings a month—cook's helper and wot not on board here," and he produced a greasy-looking book.

"But, I don't want to," protested Frank, drawing back. "I want you to put me ashore."

"Stow your gab!" roared the captain, in a rage. "Sign here, I tell you."

Frank made one more attempt. "Where's the ship going to?" he asked.

"None of your darned business; a boy aboard the Homer does as he's told and asks no questions. Sign here."

There was no help for it. The lad took the stubby, short pen and wrote his name. "How long will we be going?" he inquired, meekly.

"You ain't got no kit, o' course," was the man's only response. "Well, I'll let you have Billy's; he shipped at Bristol. Go forard to Mr. Hall and tell him I said for you to have Billy's kit, and tell him to give you a bunk; that's all; you can go."

Without a word the boy wheeled on his heels and left the cabin. He delivered his message to the second mate and waited.

The officer nodded: "All right," he said, "come along."

He was being carried fast, with the tide.

He led the way up into the bows, and pointed to a small cupboard: "There's Billy's kit; you may be bunkin'," he remarked. "Report to the cook when you get rigged out."

For a boy of sixteen Frank Doulton was a fairly self-reliant one, but as he gazed at the miserable little hole, which did duty as "Billy's" sleeping apartment, his feelings overcame him, and seating himself on the [illegible] he was supposed to be [illegible] nerves. He sat down and cried like

In a few moments he was himself [illegible] However he groped about in the [illegible] unearthed a parcel which evidently [illegible] departed Billy's effects. The lad must have been about his size, [illegible] much-darned, once blue jersey, [illegible] roy trousers fitted him quite snugly. He arrayed himself in them and then went forth in search of the cook. He had determined to make the best of the unpleasant situation in which he found himself, and to trust to the future to find a way out.

An odor of frying told him the galley could not be far away, and in that he was not taken. For it immediately adjoined his cabin. To his surprise, he found the cook out to be a very dark and very tall negro. This was a take-back to him, but he put the best face on the matter he could.

"I was told to come to you as helper—to take Billy's place," he said.

The colored man surveyed him in silence for a moment, then a smile, which rapidly broadened into a grin, lit up his face.

"You air goin' to take Billy's job?" he said.

"I s'pose I s'pose need some one. Come right in and lend a hand now."

"Is—is there room?" questioned Frank.

"I guess dere has to be; watch dat, see it don't burn," and he pointed to a triplet of pots setting over the fire.

"This was something new to Frank. He had never in his life done anything in help-ing prepare the food; his part had always been eating it. The darky was back in a moment. "Dere, I'll take 'ese," he said. "Get some plates and mugs; I'm gettin' some dese; I no mind him; he sour some. Now we serve other table, wash up and go to bed."

It was all over soon, including the washing of the dishes and pots and pans.

Now you sleep above or come on deck; I smoke a bit first."

Frank said he would go on deck first. "What time is it?" he inquired.

"Two bells just ring; dat's nine; I go to bed ten o'clock.

"The Homer" was making —a easier time of it now. She was under [illegible] ed topsails and sailing much smoother.

"De old man he soon shake 'em out again," observed the cook, pointing to th reefed sails. "He not lose much time.

"Where are we going to?" [illegible]

"Dat no one knows, only capt'n and mate; you not know it?" and he looked hard at the boy.

"No, wish I [illegible]

"Ugh!"

"You look some day; see lots dere," and a significant grin lit up the cook's face.

This puzzled Frank, and he resolved to take a peep at the mysterious hold soon.

The negro evidently read his thoughts, for he added:

"Best not let de old man see you peeping, douch."

At four bells rang out, the cook arose and announced his intentions of turning in. "You know where you wank?" he asked.

"Yes," said Frank, shuddering at the remembrance of the stuffy little hole.

"Ha! ha! you not much like it, eh?"

"Not much."

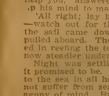
Douches berry thick, eh? Ha, ha!"

Despite the situation in which he found himself, and his troubles, Frank was asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow. He was tired, dead tired.

CHAPTER II.

"Ha, you boy, you, what they call you? Air you sure dead." Won't you wake up never? Four bells don ring long time now."

Slowly Frank opened his eyes, to find the



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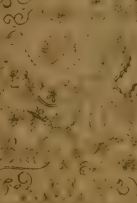

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kindly face of the black cook gazing down at him. Next moment he was out of bed and looking around in a puzzled way. Then he recollected the events of the past twenty-four hours.

"All right," he said, "I'll be there in a minute."

"For de Lawd's sake, you bin dun undressed you'self all over," exclaimed the cook, in utter surprise.

"Of course," replied Frank, "don't you undress when you go to bed?"

"Not of dese late years," responded the cook. "Anyhow, git up; de cap'n he call in' for his breakfast very soon."

In a few minutes the new helper was in the galley, and he and the cook were busy with the fried fatback and black, milkless coffee.

"Per de cap'n; take it right in," commanded the cook, as he placed a dish of the odoriferous pig's meat and a mug of coffee in the waiter. Frank started away with it. The captain was just entering his cabin. He scowled on a pleasanter mood this morning. He nodded to the new cook's helper, and muttered something which might have meant "good morning."

Things began to hum in the galley, and for the next hour there was busy waiting on the hungry crew, then he and the cook sat down to their breakfast, then there was the washing up of the dishes, and an hour to spare before commencing to prepare dinner.

Frank went on deck to get a whiff of fresh air. The morning was grand. A fine, whole-sail breeze was blowing and the "Flower" was logging along in splendid style. Not a glimpse of land was in sight, but two large steamers were on the starboard bow, and a sailing vessel astern. How Frank wished he was aboard them, but the distance had no appeal for help out of the question. Then a schooner came bearing down them, passed astern, then in one of her tacks, not three hundred yards ahead. A mad idea suddenly entered Frank's head.

He took a few steps backward, a flying leap to the rail and there for an instant, then dived into the green water. In another moment he was on the surface and was striking out strongly for the passing schooner.

"Man overboard!" he heard the cry ring out behind him, and above the ringing in his ears, the rush of the water at his feet, a flapping of canvas and creaking of cordage, and the sound of shouting as he gated. The brig was luffing up. As he rose to the top of a long roller, he caught sight of several figures rushing to the rail as the gig was being lowered. Away off in the distance the white masts of a steamer did not show. She seemed further away. He felt sick at the moment, as he rose on a succession of deep troughs, but when next he rose on the crest the big sails of the schooner were filling forward him, and with every second the distance between her decreased. Then, just on the after part of the board tack; she would pass comparatively close to him. The distance was nothing as well as he was able, and then struck out again with all his might, at an angle which he thought would bring him across the schooner's track. Once and once only he got a glimpse of the gig, as he rose high on the uplifted bow of the oncoming gig; he saw the red jersey of the coxswain, and the foam smothered away on either side. She was under the lee of the schooner, but the traveling nearly so fast. The racing ship, pointed high up into the wind, was footing it like a race horse, with people on board to see him. It would be nip and tuck. Could he get aboard the schooner and explain matters before he was caught by the brig's boat? If they picked him up, would his story and take him with them? His water-soaked clothes hindered his progress, but he struggled desperately.

"Ahoy! Ahoy!" came in stentorian bones from the gig.

The schooner was very close now; several men were leaning over her bulwarks shouting something to him. He struggled desperately and made it. A rope was flung, he heard the swish, swish of the oars behind him, voices were close to him, on either side; a life-buoy came whizzing through the air from the bow of the schooner and fell with a splash, close beside him; he disdained it and fought his way on. Then, oh, the relief! There was a lull of water. The nose of the gig dashed past him, and the bowman made a hand grasp for him, and firmly by the neck of his jersey, and he was lifted bodily out of the water and hauled aboard the little gig.

"You little fool!" some one shouted.

The men in the bow were calling. He tried to answer, but they held him down in the bottom of the boat. He heard the word, "stowaway." He struggled desperately. "Let me up! Let me get up!" he shouted, but a hand was clapped over his mouth. He felt the gig turning around. He was not to be picked up after all; his attempt had failed; they were taking him back to the brig again. He looked up; the second mate was bending over him.

"You are a fool!" he remarked, "now you've made it hot for yourself; the old man will be down on you."

"Let me go!" pleaded Frank.

"I daresn't," replied the mate, shaking his head. "Give way, boys. The old man'll be in a dickens of a way over this stop. Take it easy, like a good fellow, or you'll be lashed to Frank."

"You, you——" he shouted, and raised his fist, but the second officer interposed himself between them.

"Hold hard!" he said, "the young'un's only shown sen; let me handle him a spell, then you can have him back."

The captain glared at the mate, then: "Bring him over," he bellowed (or as near as he was) before I kill the little fool;" and the helper was hustled below deck.

The white face of the cook appeared from somewhere.

"You berry silly kijet," he remarked, as he hurried Frank into the galley.

"Keep him out of sight till the old man's worked his fury off," warned the mate.

"I sure will; here, you boy, come in here," and he began to strip his helper's jersey off him. "What you do that for?" he questioned.

"I wanted to get away," spluttered Frank, who was almost crying with vexation.

"Well, now you sure have cooked your goose; you not get 'way at all now." He was rubbing Frank down all the time he was talking. "You best keep 'way from de old man till him blow over," he continued, "or he string you up by the yards."

It was lucky for the boy that the captain had something else to think of during the next twenty-four hours, or it might indeed have gone hard with him. As it was, dirty weather set in, and every one aboard the brig was kept busy. When it cleared, the matter had somewhat blown over, and the hot-headed skipper's temper had cooled down. The cook boy did not see him for two days, for the kindly cook was careful to tie to his meals himself.

The fifth day out Frank ventured on deck again to get a breath of fresh air. The sun was shining brilliantly and the green sea was soothing down after its anger. Not a sail was in sight in every quarter the ocean arretched away until the sky reached down and blended with it. Mr. Hamer, with every bit of canvas set, was tearing before a fine, favoring breeze, and the deck watch lounged around idly. Aft, by the wheel, Frank espied the figure of the captain; he was talking to one of the men. Presently his harsh tones rang out:

"Officer of the deck!"

"Aye, aye, sir," came the reply.

"Something's wrong below deck; I hear it pounding; send below and make fast."

"Aye, aye, sir."

Two men were told off, and as they passed Frank, one of them said:

"We're going to make you be handy."

Without a word Frank followed them. They made their way down into the depths of the brig. It was dark as pitch, but one of the men produced a lantern. Something certainly was loose, for as they neared the hold they could hear a heavy pounding, as though a cask or barrel rolled on top of the other.

"Look out for yourself, boy," warned a man, as they climbed down into the blackness, which seemed even to be made more dense by the sickly rays of the lantern.

He held the light aloft and disclosed a scene. Their lashings broken, the heavy cases, heavily corded had been piled one on top of the other, and the force of the rolling of these had broken and the cargo of boxes had shifted, and was rolling from side to side. Every pitch of the brig created more disorder. The massive packing-cases threatened every moment to stave in the sides of the ship. One or two had broken open, disclosing the packages inside. There were dozens of rifles, which lay in hopeless confusion scattered over the hold.

"Get to work now; step lively!" shouted one of the men, noticing the cabin boy's presence. "Here, you, you're the smallest. You'll see lots of 'em before you're through with it. Now, then, what are you waiting for, so?" and they began to bring order out of chaos. It was a heavy work, but an hour's struggling made things straight. The fire-arms were packed away in the cases, the cases were secured with ropes, and stored again. Then the two men, with the wearied boy, left the hold.

"All right," reported one of them to the mate.

The captain came along.

"What's wrong?" he snarled.

"Some of the cases broke adrift, sir; all right now."

"Any damage"

"No, sir."

The men disappeared, and the cabin boy returned to the galley, wondering at the surprising quality of his adventure.

"S'—nothin', know nothin'," commented the cook, when Frank sought to question him. "Some of my business none of yours —we's cook and helper—you see all treasonably," and he nodded significantly.

CHAPTER III

Frank Doulton soon dropped into his new life with surprising ease. After his desperate attempt to escape, he realized that he was on the Homer to stay, at least until he reached her port of destination there, he determined to escape if he possibly could. But where was the next port? For where is the Homer bound? In vain he asked his friend the cook. The darky would only shake his head and declare that he knew not, he helped him with questions. "You wait; you soon," he always answered. The crew were a silent, gruff lot, except at mealtimes, when they sometimes grew boisterous over their black grog, but they seemed noticed the new helper; it was the food he brought, more than he that interested them. The second mate, Mr. Hall, took considerable interest in Frank, and often helped him along whenever he was able, but he, too, was silent when the matter of the destination of the brig was mentioned. Inquiries were taken every day at noon, but the result was a keep secret, even Frank had no knowledge as to what part of the world he was being borne. Toward the end of the third week out, however, his ignorance in this respect was somewhat removed.

He had come up on deck after the breakfast work had been attended to, and was leaning over the rail, gazing out to sea. It seemed to him that away off in the distance he could almost discern some land. It might have only been a cloud, though, and he was endeavoring to pierce the mournful, when he second mate came along. He noticed the boy scanning the horizon, and putting his hand for a moment on his shoulder, said, laconically: "Canaries."

Frank looked up eagerly, an expectant expression upon his face. The officer read his unspoken words, and shook his head.

"No, he said, "not this time, but——"

"——od for another two months yet."

Where" cried the lad, reaching out a detaining hand toward the mate, but the man only laughed and passed on his way, a finger on his lips, to enjoin silence.

Now Frank had something to think about. So they were off the north-west coast of Africa, abreast of the Canary Islands, headed down toward the South Atlantic. For where was the brig bound? Probably the Cape of Good Hope, the boy concluded. Surely, though, it would not take another two months to reach that. The mate must be only teasing him. Then his thoughts turned toward his home folks—his father and mother. They must, he argued, have concluded that he had been lost. He pictured their anxiety and sorrow, and the

(Continued on page fourteen.)

The Ghost Hunters;

Or, Solving the Mystery of Haunted Rock

By Colonel Morgan T. Sulley

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CHAPTER XI.

THE MYSTERIOUS MAN.

JOHN paused the Perkins homestead the next morning. He was riding his own horse and leading the miller's pony, which he had borrowed the previous night.

He did not see the old man, nor the boys, who were down by his avowed enemies. But he saw Sis.

She was standing in the door, dressed in a neat house gown. She looked as fair as a rose, and her white and pink cheeks and her sunny hair coiled loosely above her head.

John waved his hand gaily.

"Good morning, Sis," he called.

She never replied. Before he passed on out of sight she turned slowly and groped her way back into the cabin. His one that has been suddenly stricken blind.

"I was right," she whispered. "He has gone to see Dorothy. I have lost him. Oh, John, John!"

At the mill the ghost hunters had been joking Dorothy about her barefooted guide. They had covered her with confusion the night before and were enjoying to the utmost the cool freshness of a summer morning in the hills. The rain of the night before had washed the face of the earth and left the air sweet, and cool and clear.

"If he comes today, as he will to bring back a pony, you must pay him, Dorothy," said Aunt Annabel. "He must need the money to get a pair of shoes."

"Oh, I imagine he has shoes," said Dorothy disdainfully.

"I'm quite jealous of him," declared Searcy. The young professor was dressed in English knickerbockers and had evidently recovered from his fright of the previous evening. After his shave and his early morning plunge in the river he looked as fresh as a daisy in the hills themselves.

"Oh, you've no right to be jealous, Professor Searcy," flashed Dorothy. And from the way she said it he was sure of certain just what she meant.

"He was capable chap, anyway," said Professor Tyndall. "He told us that we had no right to ravage our farm home without a guardian. I'm not sure but what he is right." The professor chuckled softly to himself at the recollection.

"Who is this John Henderson, anyway, Mr. Henderson?" said Dorothy. She had passed by.

"Why he—he's just John Henderson, Miss Dorothy."

"But he speaks like a man of culture, even if he does go barefooted. Has he ever been to school? Is he a farmer? What sort of mystery is there about him, anyway?"

"I never heard of such Dutch!" gasped Professor Searcy, shaking his head.

"He was born an' raised right here in the neighborhood an' he's been to school. I reckon he-h'-read an' write."

Further discussion of the mysterious young man was interrupted at that moment by his arrival.

This morning John Henderson wore shoes, which proved that he possessed that usual and necessary part of a man's apparel. In fact, he had laid aside the hill-billy attire altogether and looked like a cross between a soldier and a cowboy. He had on a khaki jacket and trousers with leggings laced up to his knees. His feet were booted and spurred, and a cream colored, wide brimmed hat covered the fair air of the Southwest.

"He rides a good horse, anyway," said Dorothy, and one of the animal admiringly. If part of her admiration reached the handsome young horseman she did not betray it.

John dismounted and was duly presented to the different members of the ghost hunting party. The men shook hands with him, and Professor Tyndall invited him to enter the tent.

"Thank you, not at present, Professor Tyndall. I want to talk with you this afternoon about the ghost. The morning, however, is too short to spend indoors. If Dolores will be good enough to put a side saddle on the pony, I will take Miss Tyndall through bear valley, where she can see our most beautiful scenery, and I will guarantee that she will not get lost."

He looked at Aunt Annabel and smiled.

"You are willing to trust me, I am sure," he said.

"Why, yes, Mr. Henderson, if Dorothy cares to go."

"We were going to row up the river this morning, you know," said Professor Searcy.

"I must ask you to keep away from the haunted neighborhood at present," said John Henderson, gravely. "I will explain that to Professor Tyndall later. I have given my word that you will not make any attempt to find the ghost for four days. In the meantime, Miss Tyndall, if you will put on your riding habit—"

He looked at her and smiled. She noticed that the mark of the whip was still on his cheek. The recollection of the day before confused her.

"—I will be ready in a few minutes," she said, and turned and fled to her tent.

When she emerged the pony was saddled and John helped her to mount. Professor Searcy was sulking, but Aunt Annabel was all smiles.

"Be back by one o'clock," she said. "Then we will expect Mr. Henderson to have dinner with us, and be able to thank him properly for his service last night."

"I will be delighted to be at the dinner," said John, lifting his hat.

"I don't see how Dorothy can bear to go out with him," said Professor Searcy. "He's an insolent young puppy. He needs some one to teach him a lesson."

"I think he's nice," said Aunt Annabel. "He's a man, for sure, and I like it all back what I said about his shoes. Did you notice how Dorothy blushed? I declare I believe she's going to fall in love with him, already, and I'm sure I don't blame her."

CHAPTER XII.

"I suppose you are what they call a 'college widow,' Miss Tyndall?"

Dorothy reined up her horse in amazement at this unexpected question. Henderson also stopped and looked at her gravely.

"And what is your definition of a college widow?" she laughed.

"A professor's daughter who lives at the schools. She is always young and beautiful, and all the students love her. Then when they graduate and go away she promises to be a sister to part of them and is half way engaged to the remainder. And next year there is a new batch of students and she makes friends with them and forgets the ones that have gone."

"How did you know about college widows?"

"Oh, I read about them in books, and somebody—George Ade, wasn't it?—wrote a play about college widows."

"What school did you go to, Mr. Henderson?"

"The log schoolhouse two miles above the ferry. You passed it on the day of your first horseback ride. You asked me many questions instead of answering them. Are you a college widow?"

"I have been called that; I believe. Why?"

"You are asking questions again." He smiled at her. "I can imagine the adoration of a lot of young men must have been very pleasant, but I don't believe it has spoiled you."

Dorothy touched up her pony and cantered away. When he caught up with her John could see that she was flushed on her cheek. He judged it probably that she was angry.

"I do not mind the students so much," he said, looking at her, but across the valley. "But there must be no others. We were in love with you. Now, there's Professor Searcy; fortunately—"

"What an astonishing man you are!" she exclaimed. "If it were anybody else I should say that remark was—"

"Exceedingly impertinent," he interrupted. He turned and his eyes met hers fully.

"It is an exceedingly important thing to me, Miss Tyndall. I thought you knew that I dream woman when I first saw you. And you were the realization of all my dreams. I should regret very much to know that you considered me another man. Are you?"

Dorothy's eyes dilated with anger. This was impertinence beyond bearing. She tried to wither him with a look of scorn. But John did not appear to be looked at her steadily, searchingly.

Try as she might to maintain her defiance, Dorothy could not succeed. Her eyes fell before him. One more that profound emotion which she felt at their first meeting took possession of her.

"Are you offended, Dorothy?"

"No," she whispered.

"Dorothy!"

He said nothing more, but his hand touched hers for an instant as upon it.

Then he leaned forward on the saddle and his horse drew away. Dorothy's followed.

After awhile he waited for her, and when she came up he pointed across the valley.

"Do you see that lonesome pine tree, just beyond that bare wall of cliff, Miss Tyndall?" he asked, in a matter of fact tone.

"Yes."

"Well, there used to be an eagle's nest there. And one morning, when I was about fourteen years old I climbed that tree, tin the very top, and took two young birds out of the nest and put them in my pocket. Before I could descend the mother bird came home and discovered my burglary. She attacked me savagely. She beat against me with her wings and clawed me with her talons. I had to fight her off with one hand while I clung to the tree at that dizzy height, and I had no room to use my knife. I reached the ground it just fell to. Even then, after I had got a club to drive her away she circled and screamed about my head until I reached home."

"It was a brave thing for you to do, but foolhardy," she said.

"I can see that your sympathy goes out to the bereaved mother, rather than to the marauding boy," he said.

She smiled. "You have no right to read my thoughts that way."

"I admit that is a brutal thing to do," he said. "But boys are cruel, sometimes, without realizing it."

"What became of the young birds?" she asked.

John smiled reminiscently.

"That was another story," he said. "A funny thing happened to me, and the young eaglets were in the joke. Perhaps I will tell you sometime, now—" he glanced with the eye of a mountaineer at the sun—"it is eleven o'clock. We will ride back to Mrs. Beavers' spring house and have a refreshing drink of the best water in the world. Then back to the camp. I must get you home on time, or your aunt will not trust you with me again."

They happened to find Mrs. Beaver at the spring house, helping Dorothy to dismount and seated her on the grass beneath a willow tree. John filled a white down like gourd with a crooked handle he left over with the old woman while he led the two horses to the spring branch a hundred yards away, so that they, too, might drink.

Mr. Henderson was just showing me the tree which he climbed once to rob the eagle's nest," said Dorothy.

"And well I remember that day, Miss Tyndall. My mother the little things home—the cunningest birdies you ever saw. They were all covered in white down like goslings, and so fierce that they would bite my finger."

"Eagles are said to live a long time," said Dorothy, gullefully. "Whatever became of yours?"

"Why, didn't he tell you about that? It it isn't just like him not to see, after I had sewed his coat where that awful bird had torn it, and up the scratched and cut places on his arms, I found him lying on the grass in the yard with the young birds in his arms. He was looking at them with that far away look in his eyes, as if he would see clear through the side of the world."

"I understand," said Dorothy. She remembered that look. It was the one that had filled her when she first came upon him. He was dreaming and thought she was part of the dream. "But the eagles?"

"Oh, I'm going to tell you about that," he said.

"They are pretty birds," I said.

"Exceedingly pretty," he interrupted. He turned and his eyes met hers fully.

"It is an exceedingly important thing to me, Miss Tyndall. I thought you knew that I dream woman when I first saw you. And you were the realization of all my dreams. I should regret very much to know that you considered me another man. Are you?"

Dorothy's eyes dilated with anger. This was impertinence beyond bearing. She tried to wither him with a look of scorn. But John did not appear to be looked at her steadily, searchingly.

Try as she might to maintain her defiance, Dorothy could not succeed. Her eyes fell before him. One more that profound emotion which she felt at their first meeting took possession of her.

"Are you offended, Dorothy?"

"No," she whispered.

"Dorothy!"

He said nothing more, but his hand touched hers for an instant as upon it.

Then he leaned forward on the saddle and his horse drew away. Dorothy's followed.

After awhile he waited for her, and when she came up he pointed across the valley.

"Do you see that lonesome pine tree, just beyond that bare wall of cliff, Miss Tyndall?" he asked, in a matter of fact tone.

"Yes."

"Well, there used to be an eagle's nest there. And one morning, when I was about fourteen years old I climbed that tree, tin the very top, and took two young birds out of the nest and put them in my pocket. Before I could descend the mother bird came home and discovered my burglary. She attacked me savagely. She beat against me with her wings and clawed me with her talons. I had to fight her off with one hand while I clung to the tree at that dizzy height, and I had no room to use my knife. I reached the ground it just fell to. Even then,

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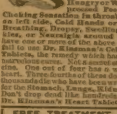

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"Yes, aunt. It was just splendid of him to take the engine back wasn't I? Oh, I forgot. You don't know about that. I must tell you. You see when he was fourteen years old——"

But Aunt Annabel was undoubtedly asleep now, and Dorothy knew it.

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Frank Doulton at Sea.

(Continued from page twelve.)

tears welled up into his eyes again. He brushed them away. "No good being a sissy," he muttered. "I'll just have to stick it out and seize the first opportunity to escape and get home. Downstairs he had a sovereign and three shillings in silver. The captain had never searched him, as he had thought, and the money remained safe. Then there were his wages coming to him, and he had been promised sixteen shillings a month. Supposing the voyage lasted two months, that would be one pound, twelve shillings added to the thirteen shillings he had downstairs, would be two pounds five. He wondered if that would be sufficient to bring him home. But would the captain pay him when he reached the end of the voyage, or would he compel him to work longer? He re-solved to escape, even if he had to go without his wages. He could apply to the English consul when he got to Boston or any foreign one.

The voice of the cook from below cut short his thoughts. He hastened down to assist in the preparations for dinner.

"You see de land?" inquired the darky.

"Yes," responded Frank, gloomily.

"You jump overboard and take swim again?"

"Too far."

The negro laughed. "I think so, too," he said.

Just then the whistle of the boatswain sounded from the deck overhead, and there was a scurry of feet.

"What de matter now?" mumbled the cook. Another whistle sounded. "Dat de sailor was running past, but he did not stop to reply. Instead the captain's voice ordering the men to "shake 'em out."

"What, more sail yet," exclaimed the darky. "Dey must be sure in a hurry! I he crock the spars one day if he make us keep hustling like dat." He turned the companionway and looked out. "He shake out everything; somebody carry away sure now," he commented on returning.

"Let me see," said Frank, making his way on deck.

"Come back soon," shouted the cook.

Things were lively on deck. Most of the crew were aloft shaking out the reefs. The captain and his first officer were in the bows; the second mate was at the wheel. Frank went near him.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

Mr. Hall pointed over his shoulder. A faint streak of black cloud was visible astern.

"What about it?" questioned the perplexed boy.

"You'll see some tall footing now—look out, get inside; here comes the old man."

The cabin boy curled himself up on the floor, and the brig fairly flew through the water like a thing of life. The breeze, now fast increasing, was blowing true from astern.

"What's she doing now?" shouted the skipper, as the mate drew in the log.

"Twelve knots, sir."

For a time there was silence. Nothing but the straining of the masts and yards was heard. Suddenly there was a bump at the order. The second mate had the wheel now, scarcely moved it; the Homer was simply flying before the wind. A squall was evidently brewing, for dark banks of clouds were rolling up astern. The funnels and hull of the steamer were now plainly visible, the smoke from her stacks being caught up by the wind and hustled away. A long, frothy line lapsed away on either side of her. Suddenly a puff of white smoke broke from her side, a heavy boom was borne on the wind and a fountain of water spurted up a hundred yards short of the Homer. Then the dark clouds of the coming storm overspread and blotted her out of sight. Another shot the Homer thundered out an order. The waiting men sprang aloft. In another minute the wheel was jammed hard down and the brig spun around like a cockle boat in a tub. They had gone about on the port tack.

"Reef the topsails!" came the order. Then the storm broke with terrific force. She staggered under its blows, she shivered like a frightened animal. There was a rending and tearing and then above a crashing and roaring, as the topgallant mast came down with a run.

"Call those boys!" bellowed the captain.

"Man overboard!" came the dreaded cry from forward. One of the crew had been washed from the yards. In another minute the wheel was jammed hard down and the brig spun around like a cockle boat in a tub. They had gone about on the port tack.

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"Luff, sir!" shouted the second mate, "there's a man overboard!"

"Let him stay!" was the brutal retort, and the Homer forged ahead. The force of the wind was terrific; an inky blackness prevailed. It would, indeed, have been impossible to have found the body of the poor man, for the sea was running in great mountains ere long, and no boat could have lived in it. The poor fellow was lost.

The crew were settling down after the fallen topgallant mast, and the brig, pointed high up into the wind, was battling back in its opposite course as well as it could have been running, under lower sails only. The darkness was almost complete. Taking advantage of the darkness of the storm, he had come aboard, intending that the jamming steamer would suppose that he was still running before it, and keep on her chase. Indeed he had counted on the probability that she would, and even supposing that her commander should have noticed he had still that even chance that he would turn to search for the missing boy.

To Frank, who crouched in the shelter of the companionway, the sudden turn of events was unbelievable. Suddenly he had seen the chasing steamer; he had heard the boom of the cannon, he had with horror watched the crashing topgallant mast, and then heard the dreaded cry of "Man overboard!" What kind of a ship was this that ran from another and took chances in order to save a lost shipmate? What kind of a captain was it who would not even make the attempt to save a lost shipmate? Such a horror-stricken and groped his way down the companionway.

"Well," said the darky, as the boy entered, "what you think of dat?" Ah, dat is good. What, she turn again!"

The Homer was tacking again on the starboard tack.

"De cap'n, he berry smart, eh, what?"

"What's he going to do?" he inquired the boy.

"'Cause he not want to get catched, I guess."

"What is this ship; a pirate?" exclaimed Frank.

The cook grinned and shook his head. "I think not so bad as dat; you not see nothin' yet, eh, what?"

"Why does she run away, then?"

The cook drew nearer. "What you see in de hold de other day?" he asked, in a whisper.

"Guns, lots of them."

"Perhaps dat mean, she wants dem guns, eh, what?"

"I think does she want them for? Did the captain steal them?"

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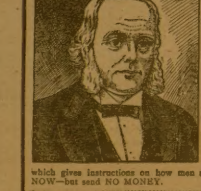

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"Oh, you berry silly boy; you wait, you see presently," and that was all Frank could get out of the cook.

He climbed on deck again. It was still blowing hard, but the darkness was vanishing, and the squall was passing. The flotsam was heeling over and racing like a steeplechaser. The captain, fresh and ugly-looking, was still at the wheel, and the men were clearing away the wreckage. Nothing was to be seen of the steamer, and the skipper kept throwing anxious glances over his shoulder. Gradually the squall passed and the sun shone out again. The brig was alone, save for ocean; the steamer had vanished. With a satisfied smile and a curt command of, "Keep her so," the captain relinquished the wheel to the first officer and went below. In another moment the cook was ringing his hideous bell and Frank was busy waiting table. He carried in the captain's belated dinner. The man was evidently in a good humor with himself.

"Well, youngster," he remarked, "what'd you think of that?"

"What, sir?" inquired the boy, innocently.

"The trick I turned, to be sure."

"Why didn't you want them to catch you, sir?"

"None o' your business, boy—give me the red pepper."

Frank handed it to him. "Sir," he said, "please tell me where we are going to; is it the Cape of Good Hope?"

"It is not," was the short reply. Then, relenting into his usual genial manner, "I guess old brass buttons is still tearing along looking for me, ha, ha, ha!" and the captain roared with laughter.

It was the first time the boy had ever heard his laugh, but he thought the merriment ill-timed, so soon after the sad accident. He was more mystified than ever as to the character of the brig and her captain. He rejoined the cook in the galley and resumed his work. Nothing more was said regarding the exciting events of the morning, but he noticed that a particularly sharp lookout was maintained, a man being stationed aloft all the time now. It was evident that the captain feared the steamer might yet find him out.

Night fell, but the order came along: "No lights," and the brig plunged on her way in darkness all through the hours of the night.

The continuation of this thrilling story of sea adventures will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you can not afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

MADAME LA FOND'S FASHION NOTES.

Waists for Fall Suits.

Now waists for wear with the tailored suits of the autumn are already being shown by exclusive dealers, and among them are to be found some exceedingly interesting novelties. There is, to be sure, no very great departure in style, for what is known as the Peasant, or the one with the sleeves and body portion in one continues to be a favorite, but materials are interesting and varied, and this one style allows of many combinations.

For the dressy waist the transparent effect will continue to be much worn. Colored and white nets are seen veiled with black chiffon and marquisette, and really are very charming. While in many instances colored chiffon or marquisette to match skirt is arranged over Persian or flowered silk or over chiffon of a contrasting color to produce an altogether indescribable yet charming effect that is harmonious without exactly matching the suit. We long ago ceased to consider lingerie materials suitable only for summer wear and some of the newest fineries are made of all or over embroidery dyed to match the cloth of the costume and arranged over a lining of chiffon in some contrasting and effective color. The blouse to accompany an embroidered net suit, for example, of this embroidery in matching color over pink chiffon, and the full sleeve suggested can be varied almost indefinitely.

A great many of the big collars to suiter effect will be used also, and these collars are made of batiste and lawn hand embroidered to be worn over silk and satin blouses, so that while in general cut the waists may not be new in trimmings they are distinctly novel. Extremely fine girdles are being much worn with the fancy blouses also, and are made to match or in contrast as best suits the fancy, but they are not to be confused with the other fastenings made of the material in preference to the ribbon belt.

Plain waists for general wear are shown in foulard, changeable taffeta, mousseline, plaid taffeta in various colors, and the printed India and crepe silks. With these waists full sleeves are used and silk sleeves are promised equal vogue, but in either case they are finished over the fore-arm with and many of them are buttoned into place with silk covered rings, and tiny metal buttons.

The white waists include exceedingly beautiful net, mousseline de soie, and handkerchief linens, and are handsomely trimmed with Valenciennes and baby Irish laces, although there is a fancy for a finish of hemstitching, and combined with hand embroidery is exceedingly handsome and dainty.

Against the Rules.

It happened, so the story goes, on a Lehigh Valley railroad train. It had just left Eastern station, bound for New York, and as the conductor made his way through the coaches, he spied a small, white dog with a bushy tail and bright black eyes resting beside a young miss. The presence of dogs in the passenger cars being contrary to rules, the conductor had to perform a painful duty.

"I'm sorry—very sorry," he said to the young girl, "but it is against the regulations to allow dogs here."

"Sir—oh, my, is that so?" she replied. "What shall I do—what shall I do—you see it is nothing but a little——"

"Yes, I know, but rules are rules, you know," interrupted the conductor. "It will be all right—we'll just put it in the baggage car."

"What! Put this nice little dog in your dirty old baggage car?"

"Very sorry—awfully sorry, miss, but I will have to do it," continued the conductor.

"Well, I just know that somebody will steal it—but, of course, if you say it must go there I suppose——"

"Here, Bill," called the conductor to the brakeman, "take this puppy into the baggage car and look after it, will you?"

The brakeman reached over and lifted up the dog. He did it as tenderly as if it were a baby. A peculiar expression came over his face.

"Why, boss," he said, "it's a worsted dog!"

"Yes, sir," spoke up the girl as she looked at them both with her innocent delft-blue eyes, "it's worsted! I thought you knew it all the time. It's for my brother in Brooklyn."

The brakeman laid the dog back in the seat, the conductor forgot to punch the girl's ticket, and he and the brakeman returned to the rear platform to figure out what was the matter with them.

The Arrogant Pronoun.

A French opera singer, while singing in New York, devoted much of her time to the study of English. Her instructor was pleased with her progress, but he had great difficulty in getting her to use the capital "I." "Ze use of ze capital 'I' is so arrogant," she would say when asked him a difficult question.

"Why is it," she said, "that an English-speaking person, when he writes of himself, invariably uses the capital letter? What will 'I' matter—ze ze being very arrogant! A Frenchman, referring to himself, writes 'je' with a small 'j'. A German, although he may gratify all his substantives with capital letters, employs a small 'i' in writing 'ich'; a Spaniard, when he uses the personal pronoun at all, uses a small 'y' in 'yo,' while he honors the person he addresses with a capital 'V.' I believe—although I am not sufficiently acquainted with foreign languages to speak with certainty on the point—that the English-speaking person is the only one in the world who applies a capital letter to himself. That it arises from the foreigner as exceedingly egotistic its absence in other languages makes it very difficult for a student of English. What is the secret of its use?"

The instructor could give his pupil no satisfactory answer. He said he found that not only foreigners have difficulty in writing the capital "I" for the personal pronoun, but a little child's first impulse is also to write "i," and it is not easy to train him to use the capital.

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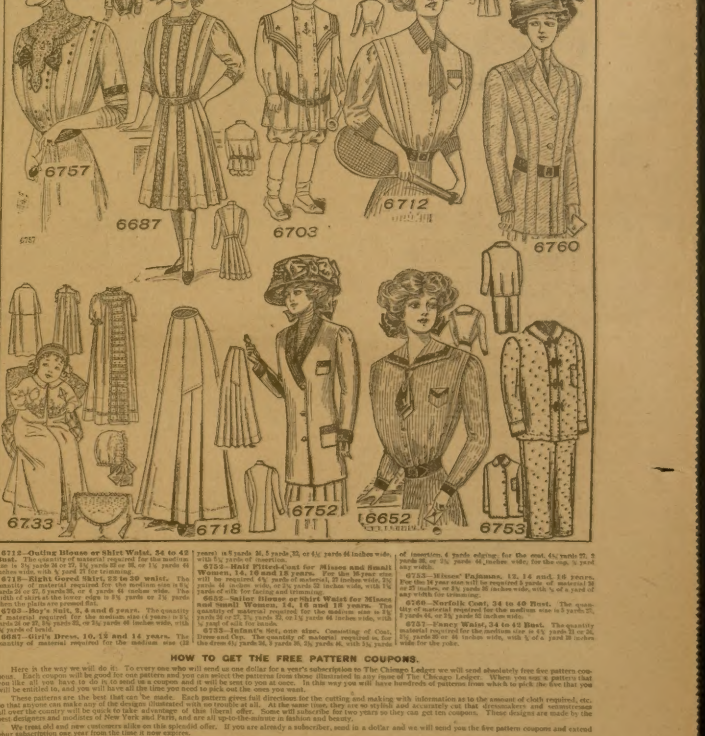

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HANGIN' ON THE WAGON.

Hangin' on the wagon—say!
Hangin' on was sweet,
When the wagon, filled with ice,
Rumbled down the street,
Drippin', drippin', cool and nice
Fell the water from the ice;
Hollerin' at the team: "Hep"
Standin' on the wagon step.

Steppin' every now and then,
Cuttin' off a chunk
You remember, don't you, men,
In the days of hood-spell,
Icens set in rude—git ep,
Standin' on the wagon step!

Inside like a minty cave,
Ice a-smokin' cool and sweet,
And the water drippin' down
Cold and slow 'mong yay feet.
Scales a-hobbin' on behind,
But y'u didn't keer her mind.

Ten cents' worth for Mrs. Jones!
Clickety clack the hatchet went.
Cuttin' off a little hunk.
Every piece I hit a stent;
Tongs of steel to hold the cake—
Clutch 'em tight, don't make 'em slip!

Oh, the wagon, here it comes
Up the street of Little Town;
Youngsters ridin' on the step
Some yo' ages, some yo' size,
Some a-standin', lookin' in
Where the ice-cakes shine this!

Old-time ice they cut on ponds
'Cos in the winter—don't y'u know—
Maybe thirty years or more
In the days I'm tellin' ago.
And the water drippin' sweet
On a little field o' heat.

Dreams a-drippin', too, ai-pen!
As the memories of it rise,
And the cool drippin' again
And the dim mists cloak the eyes.
Driver shoutin': "Yoh, git ep!"
Standin' on the wagon step!
While the water, cool an' nice,
Kep' a-drippin' 'cm the ice!

—Baltimore Sun.

JEREMIAH.

There was once a boy named Jeremiah Jenkins that always would have his own way about everything, no matter whether he really wanted to.

"If his friends said: "Let's have a game of hide and seek," Jeremiah would cry: "No, let's play tag!" and if they cried "Let's play tag!" immediately Jeremiah would insist that hide and seek was the only game in which there was any fun worth playing. And if his mother said, "Put on your rubbers, Jeremiah, it would leave them on the front stoop and would explain that every puddle he could find, and he wouldn't put them on until some bright sunshiny day when the clouds were dry.

Now, having such a disposition Jeremiah was naturally very popular, he was so dependable. His friends found it was only necessary to suggest a thing exactly the opposite of what they wanted, and they got along splendidly. Jeremiah thought he was having his own way about everything, and his friends knew that they were.

His mother got so used to talking backwards to Jeremiah that when she went away she forgot to mention her son's little peculiarity of disposition to his Aunt Jane, who was coming to take care of him during her absence.

Now his Aunt Jane was a firm sort of woman and it is doubtful if she would have consented to talk backwards to Jeremiah even if his mother had explained to her the way to manage him.

However, Jeremiah's mother forgot to tell her, and so the good lady began her visit totally unprepared for her nephew's disposition. Naturally the first thing she did was to stumble over it.

It happened in this wise:

In one of her kind moods she had purchased an express wagon for her nephew. It was a large wagon, painted a cheerful red, and it was delightful on four frontwound wheels. She presented this gift to her nephew the very first thing in the morning of the day after she arrived.

Jeremiah, of course, was delighted at the sight, and clapped his hands with joy.

Pleased with the boy's pleasure, and still having a very firm grasp, she next made a fatal mistake.

"I'm glad you like it," she said. "Take good care of it, and don't use it to go sailing in."

She just said that as a joke, but Jeremiah was not used to being talked to in jokes. He did not wish to go sailing in the express wagon, but having been told he must not, he made up his mind that he would.

So he took hold of the handle of the express wagon and led it after him down the path to the water's edge, only stopping long enough to pick up a sheet that was bleaching on the grass. Then he proceeded to make a sail out of the sheet, and having set it erect in the express wagon he climbed in and pushed off from the shore.

Now at first he sailed on smoothly. The wind was fair and the sea calm, and Jeremiah really began to enjoy himself, but before long he left the shore, and her behind him and struck out into the open sea.

Then the express wagon tilted up, and the express wagon filled down, and it rocked from side to side with a sad, choppy motion. If you have ever been to sea in a sail-boat you will just know how Jeremiah Jenkins felt. It was not at all a comfortable feeling. It made him wish that he had never come.

"I guess I'll go home," he said. "I think I've been out quite long enough."

But when he tried to make his craft return it would not be persuaded, but kept on and out into the open sea.

Then Jeremiah grew frightened, and he thought of all the naughty things he had ever done in his young life. They took him a good while. He thought how he had worn rubbers in the dry weather and none in the wet, and how he had insisted on playing in a game of ball when boys wanted to play hide and seek, and how he had done about a dozen other things. He made up his mind that if he ever got home again he would be so good that nobody in the world could recognize him.

But still the boat kept on, and the waves got swoopy and swirly and broke in soapy white foam around him. Jeremiah did not feel in the mood to admire it.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!" he cried. "I wish I were at home!"

As he said the word three large fish rose from the deep and looked with big reproachful eyes over the edge of the express wagon.

"Oh, Jeremiah!" they said, "aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

And he answered, "Oh, fish, if you'll tell me how to get home, I'll be ashamed of myself for weeks at a time."

"What will you give if we take you back?" asked the fish.

"My express wagon!" cried the boy.

"It wouldn't be any good to us," said the fish, "but a little sailboat would be like. We have a young cousin, a jellyfish, who is the meekest creature you ever saw. He always lets us pinch him and he doesn't care. He simply hasn't any disposition. We will take you home and give him some of yours we might make him all up and down right comfortable."

"Oh, certainly," said Jeremiah. "Take all my disposition, only take me home right away."

"Very well," said the fish, and two of them took hold of the sides of the express wagon, while the third seized Jeremiah's coat-tails, and they pulled for shore, where Jeremiah gave them his disposition and said a grateful good-by to it.

From that day forth Jeremiah was a changed character. It took his friends quite a while to get used to not talking backwards to him, but Aunt Jane declared the cure was entirely due to her own good management of other people, and you ever pick up a jellyfish and it stings, you you will know what has become of Jeremiah's disposition.

SATISFIED.

I like the merry morning,
And I like the afternoon;
I like the gentle evening
And the night-time, with its moon.
I like the winter snow,
And I like the winter snow.
The world is full of lovely things.
I'm glad it's made just so.

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Mamma—Darling, did you sing any pretty songs at Sunday school?

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